The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

VOL. XLVII.—NO. 13. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1878. WHOLE NO. 2269.

Rev J C Bucher L M M

THE MESSENGER.

ISSUED WEEKLY

BY THE

PUBLICATION BOARD

OF THE

Reformed Church in the United States.

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Editor-in-Chief.

OFFICE, 907 ARCH STREET.

TERMS.

This paper is published in two issues at the following rates:

Double Sheet, two dollars per year strictly in advance, to which twenty cents are to be added for prepayment of postage.

Single Sheet, one dollar per year strictly in advance, to which ten cents are to be added for prepayment of postage.

☞All checks, drafts, or Post money order must be made payable to the order of the "Reformed Church Publication Board."

Discontinuances at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid.

Advertisements strictly consistent with the character of a religious paper will be inserted at the ordinary rates.

Poetry.

THE PURPLE ROBE.

The winepress, the winepress—
The voice is from God;
The floor of His fury
Is now to be trod;
The sins of all nations
Are full to o'erflowing;
And the blast of His anger
From heaven is blowing.

The thunder, the thunder,
A firmament burns:
All nature in wonder
To trembling turns:
Forked flashes of lightning
Illumine the skies,
As the universe brightening
In agony dies.

The Angels, the Angels,
They ride on the storm,
And their Maker's commandments
Prepare to perform;
To punish the guilty,
To utter the ban,
And empty their vials
Of vengeance on man.

The Victim, the Victim,
Behold He is here;
He looks on the tempest,
Its clouds disappear:
In the red robe of scourging
Triumphant He stands,
And blots out the sentence
With Blood on His hands.

Roll backward, roll backward,
Thou ocean of ire;
Ye bolts of bright vengeance,
In silence expire;
One drop of this purple
Which Jesus has spilt,
Has ransomed His people,
And paid for their guilt.

—*M. Bridges.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

ANSELM AND HIS MOTTO.

How cheering it is to find that, in scanning the darkest pages of Middle Age history, one may be met, now and then, among the many bewildered minds struggling with conflicting and self-contradictory opinions, who has the very life and soul of the Scriptures firmly interwoven with his own; one who towers, in lofty genius and sublimity of thought, in meekness yet in majesty of spirit, far above his fellows. While others were grovelling in darkness and groping along slippery places, or rushing into the quicksands and mire of all the various heretical "isms" and "ologies" of that day, catching up the spirit of heterodoxy for the sake of contrariety and argument, and preaching metaphysical speculation rather than gospel, these few stood aloof from all such traps and snares, and made their lives appear as portraits of heavenly realities. They were as messengers from beyond, to bring wandering sheep into the true fold, and guide them to the pure fountain and clear flow of spiritual life.

Such an one was Anselm of Canterbury. Born at Aosta, under the clear blue sky, the soft dreamy climate, and in the mountain valleys, of sunny Italy, his soul was stirred by the beautiful; and his heart was fashioned into a fountain of kindness and tender love; while his mind gained that keen sense of discrimination, that acute judgment, and that clear speculative power which afterwards distinguished him as the most famous scholars at the English court, and gained for him the Priorate of Bec, and the professorship in the world-renowned school at that place, and lastly elevated him to the highest station in the gift of the English Church. While young and playing amid the snow-clad peaks of Alpine Italy, he awoke to the realization of heaven's nearness to earth, of the joys arising from obedience to the Supreme Will, and of that perfect peace and sure hope found in the Almighty's presence, all of which became a part of his being. Whether teacher, prior, or archbishop, his might consisted in holiness of life and unselfishness of purpose.

As a teacher, author, and theologian, one great truth, which he claimed as his motto, continually moved him. *Credo ut intelligam* was the watchword which guided his thoughts, framed his prayers, and shaped his actions. His first desire was, a believing heart—a childlike faith, so that he might, with an impartial and unprejudiced mind, seek to know the truth. The spirit of this proposition filled all his philosophical speculations—speculations which gave birth to and formed the basis of the theology of the Middle Ages. It prompted him ofttimes to watch, through the long hours of night, for the birth of his slumbering idea, that he might write it upon wax tablets; it occupies every page of his famous works. The greatest of the schoolmen, and most influential and powerful, he yet made faith shape his belief, instead of allowing speculations and scientific processes of reasoning to gain possession of his heart and turn his pure and childlike faith away from Christ and His gospel to the creations of fallible minds. He would rather refuse to acknowledge theological speculations and philosophical theories, and abandon them as the inventions of fancy and the poetry of the imagination, than let them influence his confiding trust in the revealed Saviour and His word. His faith made his theology, and not his theology his faith. His formulas did not condition or verify his faith, but his faith confirmed his dogmas.

How different from this does the motto of Tertullian sound! How cold, how distasteful! The soul shrinks away from it in abhorrence. "*Credo, quia absurdum est,*" was the culminating proposition of his anti-philosophical tendency. He condemned, as this motto shows, all speculation and philosophy as "being the mother of heresies." "Jerusalem must be completely severed from Athens, the Church from the academy." How unnatural and empty this sounds to the believing heart; it even grates harshly on the ear. "Because it is absurd," as though belief must be founded on myths and fables; faith on delusions. It lack that tenderness, simplicity, reliance, and assurance, that meekness and faith which at once touched the heart in reading the motto of Anselm. That of Anselm had the true Christian spirit. It found its basis in the writings of the apostles, and brought joy to every heart and assent from every candid mind.

Theol. Sem., March 21, '78. J. S. H.

For the Messenger.

A DANGEROUS POSITION.

A case was brought before Judge Lowell, of Mass., some time during last year, in which a Mr. Jones was convicted of sending the vilest kind of circulars to children through the mails. It was proven, that, in six months, this man, who had assumed six different names, sent 1,350,000 circulars. For this vile work Jones was sentenced to pay a fine of only $250, Judge Lowell holding that "Congress had nothing to do with the morals of the country," which we think is a very dangerous position for any one to take, and both dangerous and alarming when taken by the officers of justice. While we are horrified at the idea of unprincipled men, if men they may be called, corrupting the morals of our children secretly and villainously, and with vast pecuniary profit to themselves, we do not combat only this particular act, or series of acts, but raise a feeble voice against the underlying principle.

The principle underlying the opinion expressed is, as appears evident to us, that morality should not be sustained, nor immorality restrained by legislation. Congress makes the laws; Congress has nothing to do with the morals of the country; therefore Congress has no right to make any law to sustain morality, or to restrain immorality. It seems strange that any one, who is at all conversant with the past history of nations, should entertain such an idea. A glance at ancient history will suffice to show, that the nations of the past, whether Jewish, Pagan or Mohammedan, all laid stress upon morality, and we may add upon religion, although their views of both were in accordance with the degree of moral and spiritual light which they enjoyed. Nor does modern history, as far as we are informed, furnish a single instance of a nation in whose code there are not laws designed to regulate the morality of the people. It seems strange, therefore, that, from the land of the pilgrim fathers, a voice should come denying the right of Congress to have anything to do with the morals of the country.

Perhaps the learned judge means to say, that morality should be regulated by the judiciary, not by the legislature? But is not the judicial power itself circumscribed by the Constitution and Laws of the nation, or Commonwealth, and is not the morality of a country thus supervised by its Legislature? Perhaps the idea is, that in a country, where Church and State are separate, the Church, not the State, is responsible for public morals. If so, then why do we find upon our statute books, laws against profanity, drunkenness, assault and battery, gambling, fornication, adultery, &c., &c., and others for the protection of citizens assembled in social, political, and religious, and literary meetings? And we may ask farther, how can the Church guard the morals of the country, if the strong hand of the law closes her mouth in our public schools, where the masses are educated, and in the legislative halls where the laws of the country are enacted; and, at the same time, opens the mails as well-routes as thoroughfares, through which vile circulars are conveyed to our sons and daughters, by which their minds and morals are corrupted, and the way opened for their moral, spiritual and eternal ruin.

The principle involved in the opinion under consideration is dangerous to morality, but in as much as immorality saps the life-blood of any nation which encourages it, this principle tends also to subvert all right Government. In times like these, when the indifference of Congressmen to the welfare of the nation is becoming proverbial; when newspaper correspondents at Washington City dare to write, and editors are not afraid to publish the fact, that any Member of Congress will leave his seat, when important business is pending, to answer the card of an attractive woman; all American citizens who love God and our Country, should rebuke, severely rebuke, any and every attempt to encourage vice and immorality, without regard to the time when, place, where, or person, by whom such an attempt is made.

D. P. L.

Correspondence.

For The Messenger.

THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.

I sent one letter to the MESSENGER, in which I promised to write again on the German cities which I hoped to visit; but, unfortunately, I was obliged to give up the cities of North Germany, and all the last part of my trip was so hurried and crowded with interest, that I had no more time to write letters. Now that I am home again, I have been requested to continue them, and as one should always keep their promises, I shall resume them at the point I left off.

We left Munich, a party of five ladies, for a little excursion into the Austrian Tyrol. The country from Munich to Salzburg, passed rapidly over by rail, leaves but little impression on one; at first rather flat—dark pine forests, with their heavy sombre shade; then pretty mountainous country on to Salzburg. This town was once the capital of a very powerful spiritual principality; then passed under the dominion of the Austrian; then became Bavarian; and finally fell back to Austria again. But the old archbishops have left many traces of their power, which still give character and interest to the place. It is beautifully situated; lying in a valley on either side of the Salzach, a stream which rushes rapidly along, its waters foaming gray white from the glaciers. As if commanding it all, on one side rises a great high rocky hill, crowned by a castle of mediæval times, pinnacled towers and strong walls clearly outlined against the sky. In the distance, conspicuous among the surrounding mountains, is seen the Untersberg, under whose heavy mass, according to an ancient tradition, Charlemagne sleeps—waiting to arise when Germany shall be restored to its old glory.

One of our first expeditions is to the castle, now a fortress, or barracks filled with Austrian soldiers. We climb up the rock by wooden steps and winding path; tired and weary come at last to the great gate and wall; pass through, on up stairs and through doors to a court, where are soldiers scattered about; then into the castle. There are many steep and winding stairs, little cut up rooms and narrow passages; no glass in the small windows, only iron bars. On the castle tower, we have a fine view of Salzburg; the river winds through the valley much like a silver letter S; green meadows and pretty chateaus every here and there.

In one of the towers are shown a suite of rooms of Archbishop Leonhard's recently restored in the old style; very flat ceilings, much gorgeous blue, red, and gilt decoration. An immense china stove, its painted tiles covered with pictures of Bible stories. To one side a small bit of a room, where all decoration and ornament ceases—here, they say, one poor bishop was kept a prisoner for many years and only because he had married a wife. In the castle chapel, I note the arms of one of the archbishops—a turnip carved upon an escutcheon. This bishop had sprung from the peasantry; became very powerful and then in his greatness adopted this emblem as a sign of his lowly origin.

Descending from the castle we pass through the church-yard of St. Peter's. It is very old and very interesting; some of its tombs dating back to the time of its consecration, A. D., 582. It lies almost in the heart of the town, the people making a sort of thoroughfare of it. A small church, and simple graves around, generally only marked by a wooden or iron cross, with simple inscription such as thus, "Hier ruth in Gott," —the name, date of birth and death following. But within the church and upon its outside walls are many tombs of lord and lady. You see the grim figure of some knight in full armor, or lady in the stiff ruff and quaint dress of the day, carved in bas-relief upon the floor or wall; their life-size figures lying at full length upon their marble tablets; long epitaphs giving their many virtues with such beginning as "Hier ruht die hochgeborene Frau," or "Hier ruht der wohlgeboren Graf," &c. At the back of the church-yard rises a steep wall of rock; all along its side, vaults cut in the rock, each with its family chapel attached. Simple iron railings divide these one from another; they are filled with green vines, fresh cut or blooming flowers; each chapel ornamented and cared for as the family taste may suggest.

Salzburg is noted as having been the birth-place of Mozart. The house in which he was born is marked simply by a placard, saying that this was the birth-place of Mozart. No relics are kept here, I believe, but in another house in the town called the Mozartenn, they show you quite a number of mementoes. The piano, on which he played at his concerts. A spinnet, on which he often composed in the night. A lock of his hair—letters—family portraits, &c. The old German, who showed the relics, was most enthusiastic in his love and worship of him, and told one anecdote after another of his early youth. "Only see this, Fraülein," he would say to me, pointing to one thing after another—"Listen, Fraülein," and sitting down to the spinnet, he sang Mozart's first love song. The voice and the spinnet were both most woefully cracked, but the old man's devotion to his memory was so real, that it was quite touching. "Were you in any way a relation of Mozart's?" I asked. "No, no," he said, "not in fact but most surely in spirit." After all, perhaps, the truest kind of relationship. Then last of all, he asked us to write our names in his visitor's book, showing us with gre pride among the names, King Ludwig II., Lizt, Rubenstein, &c.

From Salzburg we pass on to Berchtesgaden, a little village lying in among the mountains; quite off the route of ordinary travel, and for this reason more interesting, because you see the people and their customs just as they are and have been for centuries. The people are so primitive and sweet; as they pass you in the street will smile and say, "guten tag;" the little children often run up and put their hand in yours; one old woman, who is arranging mountain flowers for sale, shyly offers me some as a gift, and asks, "Will I not come and see her next time I pass?" All look wonderingly at you; for they are not so accustomed to strangers. I tell one woman I am from America. "Gott im Himmel," she says, throwing up her hands. Another says, "Ah, *so far, so far,* and did you come here over the sea?" In the church one day I say to the old man, who is showing me the cloisters, that I am an American. He started back, as if shot: "Out of America! Ah, so far; what is the mother tongue there? what language do they speak?" In the church, on Sunday, the people are so reverent and devout; it does not impress you as the superstition of Italy, but as real religious sentiment. Yet they kneel before the most fearful distortions of Christ; a ghastly, emaciated body upon the cross; tawdry artificial flowers stuck in His hand or about His person; a faded wreath upon His head. Many of the more pious have small wax tapers burning upon the bench in front of them; their hands clasped before them; their eyes closed in devout prayer; utterly regardless of the melting, dripping wax from the flickering tapers. Most of them wear their peasant dresses; with the men, a short jacket, breeches, leaving the knee quite bare, long woolen stockings, and low shoes. The women wear a short full skirt, bodice laced over a silk handkerchief, a light-fitting silver necklace. In their hats they have rather reversed the usual order; the men taking a flower and feather, while the women wear simply a cord and tassel as ornament. But you do not feel the religious element only in their churches; you see often a Christ upon the cross, or a Madonna, or legend of some saint painted in coarse fresco over their cottage doors. On the public road you pass many shrines. I see one day a hand-board, painted upon it in large letters, "Nach dem Fürstenstein." I follow it up steep and wooded path, till high up on the mountain I come to a set of shrines—all the passion of Christ portrayed. You pass on from one station to another, each representing in the most realistic way the sufferings of Christ, till at last all culminates in one great shrine, where we have the crucifixion. The figures are all life-size; Christ upon the cross; the two thieves and the women at the foot of the cross. In a section below, a most vivid representation of hell and the damned; pieces of brimstone arranged about writhing figures of men; painted flames, etc.

In the neighborhood of Berchtesgaden is the Königs-See, said to be the most beautiful lake in Germany. On either side rise high perpendicular rocks, some 8,000 feet in height. Between these, the lake is almost like a river; its waters of a dark emerald green. The rowers on it are sometimes women, with more strength than beauty in them; yet the peasant dress adds much to the general picturesque effect.

Our last expedition is to the salt mines. They take you in, in parties of six or seven people; all are obliged to put on the miner's dress; a miner in front acts as guide. You are walked through numerous passage-ways, cut in the rock, which remind you of a tunnel, or the catacombs. Suddenly you come upon the salt sea, which is a low lake as in a cavern. You see the walls and ceilings of rock all round about you, all dimly lighted by a circle of lights. They put you into a boat and row you over. You think of Charon, the Styx, etc.; not unlike Hades either, when you come to the other side; the rocks and caverns are already there—one's fancy can easily supply the ghosts. We are slid down a rapid slide, just as if we were falling, so fast that your breath almost goes. You are taken through passage ways, up steps; you don't see much of the salt; only sometimes when the light flashes on it, a glitter in the rock; that is all. They show you different designs made from the salt rock, lights behind to render them transparent. After all is seen, we mount a sort of car, riding it like a hobby horse, and are whirled out again into the open air.

Most regretfully do I leave this green valley, with its picturesque mountains and simple people. But now the spirit of travel again urges us on; and, almost as the turning of a kaleidoscope, we find ourselves among different scenes and different people.

M. J. N.

Family Reading.

LIGHT.

Bright effluence of bright essence increate!
Before the sun, before the heavens thou wert.
—*Milton.*

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the Fiend's art on her trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my braided beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a pulseless breast
Night's funeral shadow slept,
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan,
And they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy! to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low;
On the just and unjust I descend:
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.
Nay, the flowers of the waste by my love is embraced,
As the rose in the garden of kings;
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings!

The desolate Morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright Hours chase the Night from her bowers
And lead the young Day to her arms.
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap their soft rest by the zephyr-fann'd west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel sleep by the night-brooded deep
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless bark, lone, weltering, dark,
To the haven-home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers from their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in my matinal sheen.
O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the DEITY'S smile!

LENT IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

As the holy season of Lent approaches, devout hearts ask themselves, "How shall I best keep it?" In its individual bearing this is a question which concerns each one separately; but in its wider significance it is hardly possible for any so to isolate themselves, or their observance of the season, as to prevent a certain influence falling on all around. Private devotions, increased meditations, and more frequent attendance on the public services of the Church, are matters into which none can intrude, and of which—excepting the last—none are cognizant. But other acts, especially belonging to the season of Lent, come within the range of all; and every member of the Christian family should, as far as possible, be called to a participation of these.

The first is manifestly abstinence. By this I do not mean the banishment of meat from the family table, and substituting therefor a dainty course of fish or pastry, or other articles especially pleasing to the palate. The Anglican branch of the Catholic Church, in her wisdom, lays down no definite rules on this point, leaving each individual conscience to settle the matter for itself, and for this reason the responsibility becomes direct, and falls heavily on mothers, who are generally the exponents of the rule of life in the household. What will be the effect on the plastic minds of children who see their parents reject meat on certain days, "because it is Lent," but exhausted the contents of cruet and sauce bottle to render savory what may be its substitute? will they be impressed either with the honesty of purpose of those supposed to be their guides, or with any special reverence for the events being commemorated?

Salt fish is usually ranked in the category of meagre Lenten fare, and yet I have seen it on the table of a household of Church members, so prepared as to be fit for a kingly palate, all partaking largely, and a dear child uttering a terrible commentary in the *naive* remark, "I wish it was always Lent, we have such nice fish!" The *pretence* of abstinence, coupled with *actual* gratification of the palate being manifestly wrong, what shall we say is right? I will endeavor to make a few suggestions which may assist mothers in their efforts to keep a holy Lent in the household.

Some days before Ash-Wednesday, say the afternoon of Quinquagesima Sunday, assemble the little flock, and, with full reference to their years and capability for understanding, explain the commemorative meaning and duties of the approaching season. Children of very tender years will be thoroughly interested and impressed if a mother will explain the series of events from Christmas—which has hardly ceased to dazzle their childish eyes—through Lent, with its sorrowful remembrances, to the glories of Easter; Easter, with its perfumes and flowers, always a joyful season to children, and at which time it is customary for them to make their little offerings. She will tell them how happy at Easter-tide are those children who, during Lent, have thought often of their dear Lord, and done something to please Him. Just as a tender mother, whose husband is absent, will refer every act of her children's lives to their father's wishes and approval on his return; so the devout mother in the Church will try to make the Saviour an actual presence in the daily life of each child, whose tender feet, not yet marred by rough stones and thorns on the highway of life, she lovingly places in the blood-bedewed foot-prints in the wilderness. The faults of each child—*i. e.*, those which stand prominently forward—are tenderly spoken of, so that during Lent they may be watched and corrected. One is careless, another disobedient, a third greedy or untruthful. The Christian mother knows them all, and will tell the children how happy Easter will be if during Lent their dear Lord saw that for His sake they tried to amend them.

Having done this, comes the point of abstinence. It is not possible to restrict a child or very young person in either quality or quantity of food; but yet there are certain things which even a little child can give up without physical damage. For instance, butter and sugar alternately; that is, when one is eaten the other should be omitted. To make a child enter into this heartily, a wise mother would say, "If you are each willing to deprive yourself of these things in the way I name—except on Sundays, which are all festivals—I will give you every week what I supposed they would cost, and on Easter-day each one of you can have an envelope and put your offering in the alms-basin. It will be your very own, not like the money I give you every Sunday out of my purse." I have seen this plan tried, and know it to be beneficial. A devout mother will take pains to calculate closely what each little one's self-denial will amount to, and on Sunday morning put them in separate places, thus keeping the interest alive until the culmination of Easter, when each child will feel that the offering was not one which cost nothing.

One word more, and I have done. It will be vain to seek to keep Lent in the household, if parents and older members do not by example make it practice and not theory. The mistress of every well regulated household knows what her weekly expenses are, and before Lent she and her husband, and such of the elder children as are admitted to a family council, should decide systematically on what retrenchments will be made, and the sum thus saved be made a "special" offering on Easter-day. The leaven of such an example as this spreads through a household. Servants and dependants seek keenly the difference between a sham and reality, will respect the latter accordingly.

In a word, let the season so filled with sorrowful and tear-laden memories be one, not of outward show and display, but a humble following of our dear Lord through the physical sufferings and humiliations of the wilderness, so that on Easter morn we may, with blessed Mary, find, not the dead body, but a risen and present Saviour.—*Churchman.*

THE SOCIETY OF WOMEN.

It is better, wrote Thackeray, for you to pass an evening once or twice a week in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation is slow, and you know the girl's song by heart, than in a club or tavern, or a pit of a theater. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious in their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions, and are stupid, or have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers, who are sucking the but of billiard cues all night call female society in sipid. Poetry is uninspiring to a jockey; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; but as a pure epicure is scarcely tired of water-sauces and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking with a well-regulated, kindly woman about her girl Fanny or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from a woman's society, is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your moral men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world.

TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

A mother was once expressing to a Christian lady of great experience her never-ceasing anxiety for her children's salvation. Her answer may comfort other anxious parents:

"My dear," she said, "I have gone in and out among a large circle, and have watched many families grow up around me, and my experience is, that parents get what they work for in their children.

"If parents desire, above all things, that their children should be obedient, they turn out obedient; if they desire them to be rich, they are rich; if well-educated, they are well-educated; if brought up for the world, they turn out worldly; and if for Christ, they grow up *Christ's.*"

There is much truth in this. Though no Christian parent would knowingly bring up his child for the world, yet the aspirations are too often worldly. As the young tree is bent, so will it grow.

Should not all parents ask themselves seriously, "What is my chief desire for my children? And am I working to accomplish it?"

What we work for, we should also pray for. Some parents only pray, some only work; let us do both. It is God who giveth the increase.

There is a solemn warning, as well as encouragement, in His Word: "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." May it be "life everlasting!"

HEAVENLY RICHES.

A [illegible]stian lady in England had been very well off, but, by some means or [illegible] lost all her property. She was obliged at last to go into the poor-house. She was old, and near her end. One day, while a friend was by her side talking to her, he saw her smile and look very happy. He asked her what she was thinking about that seemed so pleasant?

"O!" she said, "I was thinking what a blessed change it will be when I go from *the poor house to heaven.* My earthly riches are all gone, but my heavenly riches are all safe. Nobody can take them away from me. They will last forever."

EACH IN HIS OWN WAY.

All great works are done by serving God with what we have in hand. Moses was keeping sheep in Midian; God sent him to save Israel, but he shrank from the undertaking. We sympathize with Jethro's herdsman, alone and a stranger owning not a lamb that he watched. He had nothing but his shepherd's rod, cut out of a thicket, the mere crabstick with which he guided his sheep. Any day he might throw it away and cut a better one. And God said:

"What is that in thine hand? With this rod, with this stick, thou shalt save Israel." And so it proved.

"What is that thou hast in thy hand, stranger?"

"An ox-goad with which I urge my lazy beasts."

Used for God, and Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines.

"What is that in thine hand, David?"

"My sling with which I keep the wolves from the sheep."

Yet with that sling he slew Goliath, whom an army dared not meet.

"What is that in thine hand, disciple?"

"Nothing but five barley loaves and two little fishes."

"Bring them to me; give them to God." And the multitude was fed.

"What is that in thine hand, poor widow?"

"Only two mites."

Give them to God, and behold, the fame of your riches fills the world.

"What hast thou, weeping woman?"

"An alabaster-box of ointment."

Give it to God. Break it; pour it upon the Saviour's head, and its sweet perfume is a fragrance in the church until now.

"What hast thou, Dorcas?"

"My needle."

Use it for God, and those coats and garments keep multiplying, and are clothing the naked still.

You are a manufacturer, or a merchant, or a mechanic, or a man of leisure, or a student, or a sewing woman. God wants each one of you to serve Him where you are. You have your business; use it for God; order it in a godly manner; do not allow wickedness in it; give godly wages; preach Jesus to your clerks—not by a long face, but by being like Him and doing good; use your profits for God—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, comforting the wretched, spreading the gospel far and wide. With a field you have to glorify God in just where you are! If you have nothing, use your tools for Him. He can glorify Himself with them as easily as He could with a shepherd's stick, an ox-goad, a sling, or two mites.

A poor girl who had nothing but a sewing machine, used it to aid a feeble Church; all her earnings, above her needs, were given toward building a house of worship, and in a year she paid more than others a hundred times richer than she. So you can do if you will. Think of the widow and her two mites, the woman with the alabaster-box, and Dorcas and her garments! You may do as much, and have as great a reward.—*Bible Student.*

THE SNOWDROPS.

They are merrily lifting their pleasant heads
From the covered depths of their wintry beds,
And as they are thrust through the softening earth
They seem to promise a summer's birth;
They nod their greeting, and bend to say,
"The flowers are coming, we lead the way."

It is true there is frost in the thickened air,
That fields are empty, that trees are bare,
That stems look shrivelled, and thin and old,
That lanes are barren, and hill-sides cold,
But shortly the winter shall disappear,
For snowdrops have come, and the spring is near.

We know that the hard brown garden beds
That are dotted o'er with the snowdrops' heads,
Shall be, through the beautiful months, the place
Of delicate beauty and winsome grace.
For crowds of blossoms shall smile and glow
In rainbow hues where the snowdrops grow.

So we gladly welcome the pure white flowers,
For they brighten the dulness of dreary hours,
And they tell of the azure skies above,
Which shall shine when the clouds of mist remove,
And of gay birds coming on rapid wing,
To fill with music the merry spring.

These flowers of promise that deck the land
Are loving gifts from our Father's hand;
They tell us that sorrow will soon be o'er,
And the light, as it spreads to the sea and shore,
Shall bring to the tired and dreary heart
Some token true of a brighter part.

Let all who look on the snowdrops white
Thank God one more for the cheery sight,
And take fresh courage. Each day shall bring
Nearer and nearer the joy of spring;
And those whom trouble has rendered sad,
Shall have God in heaven to make them glad.
—*Marianne Farningham, in London Christian World.*

THE WIDOW'S POT OF OIL.

The simple word in 2 Kings iv. 1–7 ought to be to all God's poor, an assurance of His unwearying care in their worst temporal straits. "My God shall supply all your need," not according to your fears, or hopes, but "*according to His riches in glory* in *Christ Jesus.*" (Phil. iv. 19).

But, as one tells us, two things are necessary to the flowing of the oil. First the door *must* be "*shut,*" and next there must be an "*empty*" vessel to bring to it. Our trust must be *nowhere but in the living God*—the God of ALL grace. It was the *poverty* of the widow's house which was its real wealth, as long as ever that poverty was brought to God's source of supply."

TRUST A BOY.

During the session of the Episcopal Convention in Boston the Bishop of Louisiana, in crossing the common, met a boy whose face he fancied, and, calling to him, asked if he had anything to do just then, to which he said, "No." "Are you a good boy?" The little fellow scratched his head, and replied: "I am not a very good boy; I cuss a little sometimes." That candid answer inspired the Bishop with confidence, and he then said, after giving his name and address: "I want you to go to a certain place and get a bundle for me, and bring it to my hotel. There will be a charge of eight dollars; here is the money to pay it, and half a dollar which you will keep for doing the errand." On his return to the hotel the Bishop's friends laughed at him for his credulity, telling him that he would never see the boy or the bundle or the money again; but in half an hour the young chap returned, bringing the bundle and a receipted bill for eight dollars and fifty cents, the Bishop having made a slight mistake as to the amount that was due. "How did you manage to pay the extra half-dollar?" he inquired. "I took the money you gave me for the job. I knew that you would make it all right." And "all right" it was made, and I have no doubt that the confidence that was reposed in that boy because of his truthfulness will do him good as long as he lives.—*Bishop Clark in New York Ledger.*

Everything that is lovely is in Christ, therefore He is called the "altogether lovely;" you want strong sight, clear light, and fixed attention to discover His glories: all this God can give you, and He bids you ask of Him.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

When marble is iron-rusted, it can usually be removed by rubbing with lemon-juice. Almost all other stains may be taken off by mixing one ounce of finely-powdered chalk, one of pumice-stone, and two ounces of common soda. Sift these together through a fine sieve, and mix with water. When thoroughly mixed, rub this mixture over the stains faithfully, and the stains will disappear. Wash the marble after this with soap and water, dry and polish with a chamois skin, and the marble will look like new. The same treatment will remove the ugly marks left by scratching matches on white paint.

PENNYROYAL AND POTASH.—The *Scientific American* says, that if mosquitoes or other bloodsuckers infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these insects leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash, thrown in their holes, or mixed with meal and scattered in their runways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store room free from ants and roaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwellings, saturate a rag with cayenne, in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

CHICKENS FIT TO EAT.—Don't imagine that it makes no difference how your chickens have been brought up. Don't suppose that they will be good anyhow. Chickens have been carefully dressed, deliciously stuffed, assiduously basted, and tenderly roasted, and yet they were not fit to eat. There was a flavor about them that no soda rinsings could cleanse and no seasonings conceal. These were chickens that had picked up their living around pig-sties and other unclean places.

A chicken may be spoiled in dressing it to cook. If killed with a full crop, and allowed to lie for hours before it is "drawn," (or relieved of its internal organs), it gets an unpleasant flavor. Fowls should be caught and shut up without food for twelve hours or more before they are beheaded. Then the crop and intestines will be empty, and the task of picking and dressing it will be greatly lessened. Old fowls are not necessarily tough—only cook them long enough. They are more tender twenty-four hours after they are killed, than if eaten immediately.

POTATOES IN KENTUCKY STYLE.—Our potatoes turned out a small crop of small potatoes; more than that, they were treacherous, and though they came to the table looking fair without, they were often dark within and not to be eaten. One day a new dish appeared in place of the usual plain boiled or mashed potatoes. Everybody pronounced it good by being helped at least twice. Upon inquiry of the presiding genius of the kitchen, we found that she learned the way of some Kentucky people, and the way is this: The potatoes are sliced thin, as for frying, and allowed to remain in cold water for half an hour. The slices are then put in a pudding dish, with salt, pepper and some milk—about half a pint to an ordinary pudding dish. They are then put into the oven and baked for an hour. When taken out, a lump of butter, half the size of a hen's egg, is cut into small bits and scattered over the top. Those who have never eaten potatoes cooked thus, do not know all the capabilities of that excellent esculent tuber. The slicing allows the interior of each potato to be examined, hence its value where potatoes are doubtful, though poor ones are not of necessity required. The soaking in cold water hardens the slices, so that they will hold their shape. The milk serves to cook them through, and to make a nice brown on the top; the quantity can only be learned by experience; if just a little is left as a rich gravy, moistening all the slices, then it is right. In this year of small and poor potatoes, this method of serving them will be very welcome to many a housekeeper. The only trouble it is, that every one will eat twice as much as when the potatoes are cooked in the ordinary way.—*Agriculturist.*

Miscellaneous.

A BIT OF BLUE.

I looked from my window over the sea,
The morn was cheerless as morn could be,
In a misty mantle weeping;
And dashing along with a rush and a roar,
Stealthily, stealthily up the shore
The tide came slowly creeping.

Oh! sombre sea, through the pattering rain
Will ever the sunbeam shine again,
Thy gentler ripples crowning?
Oh! sullen sky, hast thou never a ray
To lighten the load on my heart to-day,
Made heavier by thy frowning?

Nay, nay, methought 'twas a fruitless quest;
From stormy east to the stormier west
Nothing but clouds unbroken;
When one who stood at my elbow said,
"Look up, look higher, look overhead—
Lo, yonder a fairer token!"

And there, like the smile on a rugged face,
That giveth the wearer a nameless grace
If from a kind heart flowing,
The mist and the rain-clouds peeping through,
I saw the tiniest bit of blue,
Larger and brighter growing.

That cheerless morning hath passed away,
But the lesson it taught is ours to-day:
When the cloud and the storm are blackest,
Or ever thou battle with doubts and fears,
And hope is quenched in a mist of tears,
Look up for the light thou lackest.

"No light"—dost say? "All is dark and rough?"
Perchance thou lookest not high enough
For the comfort thou dost desire.
Raise steadfast eyes, it will meet thy view;
Faith always showeth a bit of blue,
If only we look up higher.

THE CHINESE IN EAST AND WEST

It is stated, on authority which cannot be questioned, that 70,000,000 of human beings are now starving in the famine-stricken provinces of North China. The imagination fails to cope with so gigantic a calamity. The past generation has witnessed more than one famine both in the East and West, but compared with what we read of now, the famines we have hitherto known, though their victims have been counted by thousands and by tens of thousands, have been mere isolated cases of local and temporary scarcity. The inhabitants of the United Kingdom and the United States combined hardly number 70,000,000. To think of the teeming populations of those lands all crowded into an area very little greater than that of France, starving and eating earth, with no food to be had, and with no hope of succor, is enough to freeze the mind with horror. Yet the statements made at the meeting held on Monday at Lambeth, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury, must suffice to convince all who care for their fellowmen, that this stupendous tragedy is no fiction of the imagination, but is veritably being enacted at this very moment, with victims unnumbered and woes untold, in the Eastern Hemisphere. With the effort of those who in this country and elsewhere, are doing what little they can to assuage this widespread misery, and to succor their starving fellow-creatures, no one can be so inhuman as not to sympathize. But, though the feeling should not be allowed to staunch our benevolence, we may well despair of the effect of any effort, whether individual or national, to appease the hunger of so many millions. If all the wealth of the West was to flow in one vast channel to the East, it would not suffice to avert the plague of famine and pestilence from hundreds of thousands of Chinese homes. The people are starving already, and if food could be had for the asking, it could not be brought to them in time to save them from their inevitable fate. Even in India, where we have improved the means of transport, it was found easier to procure food than to carry it to those who wanted it, and in China, where roads are few and railways do not exist, the lack of transport must slay thousands upon thousands, even if abundant supplies of food could be provided by the efforts of the Government, supported by European benevolence. Nevertheless, we are assured by those who know China best that English wealth and English charity can do something, even if it cannot do much, and, if this be so, we are confident that the appeal made on Monday at Lambeth will not be made in vain. A single guinea, says Sir Thomas Wade, would have sufficied to support a life through the past winter in the stricken districts.

It is easy to discern in the conditions of Chinese life some of the causes, both proximate and remote, of this stupendous disaster. The Chinese, as is well-known, live nearer to the margin of subsistence than almost any other civilized people, and they have, therefore, proportionately less power to cope with those strokes of nature which, however irregular in their occurrence, are yet certain sooner or later to occur. Moreover, the Chinese, like other nations with a vast and increasing population, have found out, now that it is too late, that they and their neighbors have slain the goose that lays the golden eggs. No doubt a three years' continuous drought has had much to do with the famine, but the cause of the drought is doubtless to be found in what Sir Thomas Wade calls the gradual desiccation of the northern plains of China and the table-lands of Central Asia, brought about by the improvident destruction of forests. As population increases forests disappear, and it is not until nations perceive the disastrous climatic effects of denudation that they begin, generally when it is too late, to husband their forest resources. The mountainous districts of Central Europe have suffered in this way, as well as the corresponding regions in India, and it seems that the same causes have been at work in China. Forests have been destroyed, and the result has been felt in more frequent and more continuous droughts, and in a consequent falling off in the local supplies of food. In countries like Europe, where communication is easy and rapid, and international trade makes it its business to anticipate and seek a market, a scarcity produced by such causes would be only momentary, for we may regard the Irish famine as having been due to exceptional conditions of food supply. But the case is far different in such a country as China. There communication is at all times difficult and tardy, and each district has in the main to depend for food on that which it can raise year by year for itself. If that supply fails, famine at once ensues; for food, however abundant elsewhere, cannot be transported in time to the stricken districts. We are told that the Chinese Government is doing all it can to alleviate a weak government, and if it were the strongest and wealthiest in the world, it could do little to contend with those conditions of space and time which alone can make famine possible in one part of the earth so long as nature is beneficent and food abundant in another. In these circumstances, if all is done that man can do to abate the evil and to combat the misery, there can be little doubt that millions of Chinese must perish by starvation long before succor can reach them or the earth again brings forth its increase. In some places, it is said, there remain neither bark of trees nor wild herbs to be eaten; and in others the people are literally eating earth. Women, boys, and girls are offered for sale, though it is difficult to understand where purchasers are found or how the money can be turned into food.

If we turn to the other side of the globe, we shall discern significant proof that it is not merely in China itself that the effects of this famine will be felt. At a time when China is suffering from a scourge which, as experience teaches us, is one of all others to drive a teeming population to migrate, California is contemplating measures to close its ports against the rising tide of Chinese immigration. The question of Chinese labor, as our California correspondent tells us, has kept San Francisco in a turmoil for many months. Yet we cannot doubt that if the Chinese have found their way to America from the comparatively prosperous Eastern provinces in thousands, they will pour forth in myriads from the famine-stricken districts of the North as soon as the way is opened to them. The appetite for food is a more urgent motive even than the thirst for gold. The potato famine drove hundreds of thousands of Irishmen to America thirty years ago. What is to happen if the famine in China drives multitudes of Chinamen to California? Even now the Californian laborer is more than impatient at the competition of his yellow rival from the Flowery Land. He regards the Chinaman much as the Europeans regarded the Jew in the Middle Ages, as an irreconcilable alien who lowered the price of labor and absorbed the profits of trade. No people, however, complex its own nationality, likes to be overrun by an alien race. The native Californians—if such a phrase can be used, of a people gathered almost within a generation from all parts of the earth—despise the Chinaman as an inferior being, while they fear him as a formidable rival. The Englishman, the Irishman, the German, even the negro, becomes in time an American, and claims his rights as a citizen. The Chinaman is an alien in race and creed, he lives apart in the land, his virtues are despised, his vices are abhorred, his dwelling is filthy; but his wants are few, and his industry is inexhaustible. The Californians are convinced, rightly or wrongly, that the immigrant Chinese are the off-scourings of their native country—criminals, thieves, and vagabonds who come to prey on the land and to yield the profits of their labor to those who send them. The Chinaman, they say, enters California as a mortgaged bondman, and, heedless of the freedom conferred by American soil, he toils on in virtual slavery to pay the cost of his transport and the passage of his dead body back to his native land. We cannot wonder that not merely Californians, whose interests are directly menaced, but that all American statesmen, should regard such an immigration as this with serious misgiving. The Chinese difficulty may speedily become a greater menace to the future of the United States than even the negro difficulty was at its worst, for negro immigration was never voluntary, and ceased with the abolition of slavery, while if the Chinese tide once begins to flow in force it is difficult to see where and when it will stop.—*London Times.*

THE CLOCK OF CLOCKS.

A clock built by one Stephen Engle, a watchmaker at Hazleton, Pa., which is a greater wonder than the famous Strasburg clock. It is thus described:

This clock stands eleven feet high. At the base it is about four feet wide and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less towards the top. Its colors are dark brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is about thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate, nor has it as many figures as the Hazleton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures are about three feet high and the American clock about nine inches. Three minutes before the hour a pipe organ inside the clock plays an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck double doors in an alcove open and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left then open, and the apostles appear slowly, one by one, in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus, they turn towards him, Jesus bows, and the apostle turns again and proceeds through the double doors in an alcove on the right. As Peter approaches, Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him. Five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the clock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas appears, Satan comes down from his window and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. As the procession has passed, Judas and the three Marys disappear and the doors are closed. The scene can be repeated seven times an hour if necessary, and the natural motion of the clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day, at 12 o'clock. Below the plant is the main dial, about thirteen inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of Time, with an hour-glass. Above this is a window, at which there appear figures representing youth, manhood and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing death. When the hour hand approaches the first quarter Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds; then Childhood appears instantly. When the hour hand approaches the second quarter or half hour, there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears and the organ plays a hymn. After this, Time strikes two and reverses his hour-glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding-door opens in the upper porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac; and on the top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard, walking backward and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age and Death take part in the panorama.

Selections.

When the Briton sailor puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so big."

An enemy that disguises himself under the veil of friendship, is worse than one who declares open hostility.

Let your pleasures be taken as Daniel took his prayers—with the windows open; pleasures which need not cause a single blush on an ingenuous cheek.

If the sun has gone down, look up at the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises you may always be cheerful and happy.

It matters to us in life not so much what part we play, as it does to play our part well. In a drama it is not so much a question who played the king or the peasant, as who played the part best.

The greatest loss of time is delay and expectation, which depends upon the future. We let go the present, which we have in our power, and look forward to that which depends upon chance—and so relinquish a certainty for an uncertainty.—*Seneca.*

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb.—*Holmes.*

This is heaven—to be brought so near the perfection of beauty that every competing perfection will look paltry—so near the Fountain of Life, that we shall know no blessedness in which God does not form the largest element—so near the Light of Life and the Source of Love, that we can never more drag our hearts away; this is to dwell in God and have God dwelling in us.

An old author says: "Prayer is the rope in the belfry—we pull it, and it rings the bell up in heaven; and so it is. Keep that bell moving. Pull it well, and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will send answers of peace according to your faith."

Every trade and profession is vulgarized and debased, becomes "of the earth earthy," when a man follows it selfishly and simply to make money. When a man accepts it as the service to which God has appointed him, for the advantage and happiness of the human race, it is exalted and transfigured, and takes its place among the activities of the kingdom of heaven.—*Dr. Dale.*

Because all men feel and know and see that they must die and disappear, each seeks an earthly immortality in being evermore remembered. Sometimes great sovereigns, princes, and nobles have sought it by rearing pillars of marble or lofty pyramids pointing to the skies. By these they have fancied themselves immortalized. And still, by great churches and other sumptuous edifices, warriors have pursued and striven to perpetuate honor and renown after their famous victories. Learned men seek by the composition of books an undying name, as we often see in our own day. But as to the everlasting, imperishable honor—an eternity with God—to this they pay no regard. Ah! we are a despicable race!—*Luther.*

Science and Art.

Neighboring Norwegian fishing villages are now connected by telegraph to warn fishermen of the approach of a bank of herrings. Hitherto the fish have frequently got away before hands enough to catch them could be summoned.

Professor J. H. Kerr of Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, is the fortunate discoverer of some fossils of unusual size in the locality known as the Garden of the Gods, at the foot of Pike's Peak. The length of one of the animals whose remains have been found is estimated at 117 feet. The formation is cretaceous, the bones are easily broken, and the animal figures are in part represented by casts.

Storms and Gunpowder Explosions.—A correspondent of *The Washington Star* presents a long array of evidence that the burning of gunpowder in quantities is productive of local storms. He instances among others the following coincidences: During the eight years past there has been a thunderstorm at Washington every Fourth of July, and a very violent one is cited as occurring on the evening of that celebration about twelve years ago. During the War of the Rebellion, 86.5 per cent. of the battles are said to have been followed by storms. It is said that the storm producing power of burnt gunpowder might be used in advance of an attack during war; and the Weather Bureau of the future may serve as a cloud compelling Prospero, by organizing rain during the hot periods in Summer.

Male and Female Ailanthus.—It is well-known to botanists that ailanthus trees are of two kinds—male and female—and that the ones that bear staminate blossoms are responsible for the evil odor of the tree, the pistillate blossoms having no scent. Hence, it has often been proposed to cut down all the trees that bear staminate blossoms, and plant in their place the pistil bearers. It is believed that such a course would redeem the reputation of the tree, as it is useful for shade purposes and is of good shape. But there is an instance recently recorded by *The Botanical Bulletin*, of an abnormal performance, that makes it doubtful whether permanent success would attend the proposed remedy. An ailanthus which has hitherto borne staminate flowers, last year produced pistillate blossoms on one branch, succeeded by perfect fruit. Now, if the pistillate trees should take to similar freaks, there would be nothing gained by substituting them for the smell-producers.

The Electric Light in Siege Operations.—A number of interesting experiments have been recently carried out at Metz by a committee of engineer officers appointed to investigate the practicability of employing electric light during siege operations. On the night of October 20th, Forts Frederic Charles and Alvensleben were illuminated by throwing the electric light upon them, when it was found that at a distance of from two to three kilometres not only building but also individual men could be plainly made out. On the night of the 27th of October the electric apparatus was arranged on the exercising ground, outside the Chambiere Gate, and the light directed upon a row of targets. Fire was then opened against these latter by a squad of riflemen, and the practice made was nearly as good as that recorded when firing by day—a result which was considered exceedingly satisfactory, as a thick mist materially interferred with the action of the light. The committee concluded that the electric light may in future be employed with advantage not only in siege operations, but also during outpost duty and engagements at night.

Personal.

Kimball, the debt-raiser, will, it is said, soon go abroad.

Governor Holliday, of Virginia, is gaining golden opinions by standing firmly against anything like repudiation of the State debt.

Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, has written a book upon the Polarization of Light, which is to be published during the present year.

Mrs. Hayes utilizes the profusion of flowers in the White House Conservatories by presenting bouquets to visitors and sending them to houses where there is sickness or sorrow.

The late George Cruikshank had made considerable progress with an autobiography, comprising his recollections of many literary men, and had executed a number of illustrations expressly for the work. Arrangements have been made for its publication, and it will appear under the editorship of his widow.

The Rev. Mr. Cook and his wife are said to live an ideal marriage life A correspondent of *The Hartford Times* says: "During his stay at home, his wife receives no callers; and in nothing do they find so much pleasure as in each other's company. While he is absent from home—which is usually from Saturday until the following Wednesday of each week—Mrs. Cook attends to all her husband's correspondence. She acts not merely in the capacity of an amenuensis, but answers the letters on her own responsibility. She is so well acquainted with and taken up in his affairs, thoughts and desires, that it is a rare thing for her to consult him in answering a letter, out of a correspondence that averages twenty letters a day.

Books and Periodicals.

The Well-Spent Hour: By Eliza Lee Follen: pp. 203: price $1.

The Birthday: pp. 198: price $1.

The above two books are the first of "The Follen Series," other volumes being in the course of preparation. They are published in a most attractive style, by Thomas Y. Crowell, 744 Broadway, New York, and we take pleasure in commending them. With the first-named we are especially pleased.

Lea's Playground: By the author of "Willie Smith's Money Box," "Little Redcap," etc: pp. 233: price $1.

Leslie's Scholarship; or, The Secret of Success:" By the author of "The Old Brown Book and Its Secret," "Ned Heathcote's Model Engine," etc.: pp. 155: price 75c.

Finette, the Norman Maiden, and Her English Friends: By Mary E. Rogers, author of "Only a Bigger Boy," etc.: pp. 185: price $1.

These three volumes are also published by T. Y. Crowell, and are issued in size and style to correspond with those mentioned above. They are all beautifully written, and, what is better, they all contain positive and proper Christian instruction. In this regard, they are above the average of books placed in the hands of the young, although the standard has been raised of late years. We commend the attention of them to pastors, and would suggest that they be admitted to Sunday-school libraries. They can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch St., Phila.

The March number of the *Princeton Review* gives evidence of good financial backing. It is printed in elegant style, and contains 400 pages. The proprietor, to prevent misapprehension, growing we presume out of the recent transfer of this work to his hands states, that it is not the organ of any Theological Seminary. The following Table of Contents will speak for itself.

Limits to State Control of Private Business, Chief Justice Cooley, Michigan; Designs in Nature, President Chadbourne, Williams College; The Ordo Salutis, Professor A. A. Hodge, Princeton Theological Seminary; Opening of the Synod of Dort, Professor Samuel M. Hopkins, Auburn Theological Seminary; Evil in Things Good, Rev. Dr. John Hall, New York; The Bible and the Public School, Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Spear, Brooklyn; Morality, Religion, and Education in the State, Professor Lyman H. Atwater, Princeton College; Dualism, Materialism, or Idealism, Professor Francis Bowen, Harvard College; No Preaching to the Dead, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel West, Cincinnati; German Thought and Schopenhauer's Pessimism, Professor Archibald Alexander, Columbia College; The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, Bishop A. A. Cleveland Coxe, Western New York; Shall the Keys or the Sceptre Rule in Germany, Charles A. Saimond, M. A., Edinburgh; Evolution from Mechanical Force, Rev. Dr. Laurens P. Hickok, Amherst; Contemporary Philosophy, Mind and Brain, President McCosh, Princeton College. Published at 37 Park Row, New York. $2.00 a year, 35 cts. a number.

Popular Science Monthly for April, 1878. Conducted by E. L. and W. J. Youmans. Contents: Evolution of Ceremonial Government; The Eucalyptus in the Future; Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America; The Wicked Weasel; The Dissipation of Energy; Illustrations of the Logic of Science; On Edison's Talking Machine; The Marpingen Miracles; The Source of Muscular Power; Living Corals; Poisons of the Intelligence.—Chloroform; Sketch of Professor Secchi; Correspondence; Editor's Table; Literary Notices; Popular Miscellany, and Notes. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 549 & 551 Broadway.

The following contents of this number of The Complete Preacher are of exceptional interest: "The Surrender to Infidelity," by Justin D. Fulton, D. D.; "Rooted in Love," by Newman Hall, L. L. B.; "Bread for the Hungry," by John Cumming, D. D.; "Divine Forces in Human History," by Prof. A. J. Nelson; "The Popular Arguments Against Endless Punishment Unsatisfactory as a Sure Ground of Hope," by R. S. Dabney, D. D., LL. D.; "The Breathings of the Pit," by Justin D. Fulton, D. D. The Religious Newspaper Agency, 21 Barclay Street, New York. Price, single number, 25 cents; $2.00 per year.

The American Pulpit for January and February contains two sermons. "Retribution," by Rev. Lawrence M. Colfelt; and "Certainties Concerning Heaven," by Henry W. Warren, D. D. American Pulpit Publishing Company, Edwin B. Raffensperger, Editor. Post-office address, 1338 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Terms by mail, 10 cents; $1.00 per year, in advance.

The People's Pulpit, a weekly publication containing sermons by Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D. D., for February. Contents: In Christ's Stead; To Triflers; The Steel-Yard; The Trees in Winter; Character Builders; The Elm; The Hedge-Thorns and the Fruit Trees; Some Slippery Places; The Glance; Hope for the Hopeless. New York: Wm. B. Mucklow, Publisher, Forty-second St. and Madison Ave.: price, $2.50.

Littell's Living Age. The number of *Littell's Living Age* for the week ending March 23d, has the following noteworthy articles: Precious Stones, *British Quarterly Review;* Macleod of Dare, *Advance Sheets;* Quevedo, *Gentleman's Magazine;* Within the Precincts, *Advance Sheets;* The Telephone, *Westminster Review;* with the usual choice poetry. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Wide Awake for April has a new feature—a Natural History Supplement of sixteen illustrated pages, containing "Tom and Others," by Mrs. Swisshelme; "Australian Opossums," by Miss Prig; and a striking proof of the "Vitality of the Shark," witnessed by the author, Dr. Payne. These Supplements will interest the children in Natural History, and three are to be given during the year.

The Magazine opens with a fine frontispiece, "We Boys," followed by "Anna Albitz," a true story of a heroic little girl. Miss Brown, in her interesting illustrated series, "The Child Toilers of Boston Streets," gives a graphic account of the little "Ash Pickers." Mrs. W. E. Bryant's School-room Story is about a baby scholar, "Little Bunch." Mrs. E. P. Groser gives a glimpse of "Child Life in Labrador." Mrs. L. C. Whitom has a lovely Easter Poem. Following "True Blue," the Minnesota serial, by Mrs. Lucia Chase Bell, comes "A Child's Calendar," by Caroline Metcalf, with twelve exquisite drawings by Miss Humphrey. "A General Misunderstanding," Mr. Talbot's serial, deepens in interest. There is a valuable English Literature paper, by Mrs. Lucy White Lillie, this time relative to Spenser, with a good portrait.

There are brief articles and several poems, and three especially spicy, short, illustrated stories, "Tommy's Head," by Rev. J. Vila Blake, "The Countess of Blessington," by Mary N. Prescott, and "How Nellie went to the Golden Wedding," by Ella Farman. The very little folks have a pretty tale about "Baby Bunting;" and there are Parlor Pastimes, Prize Guesswork and Original Music. $2.00 a year, free of postage. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. J. M. TITZEL, Rev. K. K. HIGBEE, D. D., } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1878.

A TEST SUGGESTED.

The Season of Humiliation observed by the Church for ages, is forcing itself upon the attention of the world, and calling forth a great many comments of one kind or another. The criticisms upon it are usually directed against the issue of arbitrary laws set forth for its observance. The rules set forth by the Romish Bishops, which seem to forbid a man eating beef, which he may not like, and allow him to indulge in oysters, of which he may be very fond, it is justly said, do not necessarily involve any self-denial, and such mechanical regulations afford themes for the pen of the satirist and the cartoon of the caricaturist. Some taking their cue from this are disposed to insist, that no mortification of the flesh is required at any time. "Religion," as they indefinitely call it, is so purely "spiritual," that no one can be a cast away because he fails to keep his "body under." They have none of the fears which St. Paul had on that point, and so anything like a suspension of the world's festivities, any halt in engrossing business of this life, any curbing of natural desires, is looked upon as a sinful return to the asceticism that thought to win heaven by self-inflicted hunger and pain. They seem to think, that our Saviour forbade fasting altogether, when He said it should be done with the cheerfulness, which would guard it against the charge of a mere appearance before men.

Yet the number of those who look at things in this way is growing smaller every year, and even those who have no sympathy with Church Seasons admit that there is great propriety and use in observances that will test the power of sin in those who profess to be the children of God. The *Independent*, for instance, has a very sensible suggestion upon this point, one that we think was made in our columns a year or two ago. It thinks, that if, even leaving out of view abstinence from meats and things indifferent, men would attempt to lay aside their stimulants and narcotics, they might learn a lesson of their weakness by coming to a practical sense of the sway their appetites have over them. Very few people know how strong their evil habits have become until they try to throw them off.

One of the best articles we have seen on this general subject is one addressed to mothers, on "Lent in the Household," which we reprint on our "Family" page.

THE RIGHT GROUND TAKEN.

The *Interior* speaking of the temperance movement which has been discussed with some animation in its columns says, "A party, of which we are a part, hold that there is no reformation, that no soul is or can be *re-formed* without the applied power of the Holy Spirit; that any less supposed reformation is not real, but seeming, and illusory, and will be disappointing. The difference on this point is not superficial and small, it is radical and too wide to be bridged. We hold that temperance pledges and torch-light processions will not save the drunkard from his cups. We have no special objection to the pledges and torches and red ribbons, provided men are not led to attach too much importance to them. It is a fatal mistake to lead men to believe that there is salvation from the sin of intemperance, or from any other sin in any other way other than through faith in Christ and the washing of regeneration."

We think the ground taken by our contemporary is the only safe one. It is acknowledged that a man cannot overcome his strongest passions and appetites without help from God. And so, modern pledges imply a reliance upon God's grace. But what right has a minister, temperance lecturer, or any one else to offer the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ to a person who pledges himself to abstain from but a single sin? Can a man expect Divine help if even renouncing his cups, he still remains a libertine, or a cheat, or a hater of his fellows? God's terms are an unconditional surrender of all sin, and a full acceptance of His Son by faith. This point was well argued by one of our contributors some time ago.

WHICH?

Does the woman keep the house, or the house keep the woman? This question is like the one that asks whether a man runs his business or allows his business to run him. Very frequently the house and the business have the mastery and supposed owners are only slaves driven by seeming necessities, all through life and even into the grave. As the Apostle tells us, there are those who are "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth," so there are those who are always working and never done. It is not simply the devotees of fashion that are harassed by anxieties and cares. Those who have no ambition for the show of dress; those whose domestic duties seem to crowd out all thought of everything outside of their own doors are often slaves, and the very things that should give them comfort are wearing them out. There is a tyranny of the kitchen as well as of the parlor.

Moreover, the things that occupy the time and consume the strength are not sinful in themselves. They are things proper to be done; things that should not be neglected, but only controlled and kept in subordination. Martha was concerned about preparing a repast for her wearied Saviour, yet she was so full of care that the Loving One rebuked her. And so the very duties, which piety prompts to those we love, may so engross our minds as to make us neglectful of higher things. Sometimes this is the result of mismanagement, sometimes the force of habit which becomes a second nature, and often the yoke is kept upon the neck of willing mothers by a want of consideration on the part of husband and children. It is worth while to try to break these tyrannies wherever they exist, and a little thought and tact will often enable people to do it.

A CHRISTIAN DUTY.

It is the duty of every Christian to cherish sentiments of love and regard for his fellow Christians. In his Epistle to the Romans, St. Paul expressly exhorts those whom he addresses, to be "kindly affectioned one to another, in love preferring one another." Similar exhortations are to be met with throughout the New Testament Scriptures. The reason of this is to be found in the fact, that all the disciples of Christ are alike children of God and members of the household of faith. As persons belonging to the same family, therefore, Christians should know each other, walk in love, and be kind one to another.

Unfortunately, however, in our times, this duty in the Churches generally is altogether overlooked or disregarded. Often, indeed, it is the case that members of the same congregation are almost entirely ignorant of each other's existence, or if they do know each other, have no more intercourse with one another than had the Jews and Samaritans of old. Instead of seeking to come together as brethren, they seek rather to keep as widely as possible apart. Instead of preferring one another in love, as the apostle exhorts them to do, they to do, they prefer rather to be jealous and envious of each other. And when the condition of things is not as bad as just described, there is yet, nevertheless, a great deal of coldness and indifference between those who ought to be most deeply interested in each other's well-being and happiness.

Now this state of things is not only unquestionably wrong, but, also, interferes greatly with the prosperity of the Church. Not a few persons are kept out of her communion on account of it. Besides this, the want of brotherly interest among those in the Church often induces members of the Church to join outside, worldly societies, in which there is more fellowship and equality among the members, and causes them in time, moreover, to value these societies more than they do the Church. It is also calculated to produce spiritual deadness within the church, and is sure to prevent that holy enthusiasm and interest among the members, which is so necessary to real progress in spiritual things. The neglect of the duty under consideration, thus, does no little injury to the cause of Christ.

It is a matter of great importance, therefore, that Christians should earnestly endeavor to cultivate more love for each other, and live in more intimate fellowship. Only as they do this can they properly expect the Church to prosper, and they themselves to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ. The love of the followers of Jesus for each other was, in the early Church, one of the things which most impressed the heathen about them and induced them to believe in the religion of the despised and crucified Nazarene. Such love, we think, is one of the things which the Church of our day is most in need of. We would, therefore, ask our readers earnestly to consider this matter, and to do, individually and collectively, what they can to remedy the existing state of things as regards Christian fellowship.

T.

THE "INFORMATION GIVEN."

Our able contemporary, the *Presbyterian*, refers us to *Smith's Dictionary of Christian Antiquities* for proof, that one of the legates declared that the Apostles' Creed was unknown to the Eastern Church at the Council of Florence, A. D. 1439. We are not disposed to abate the force of the statement there quoted, if it is taken in the historical connection in which it stands originally. Such connections, however, often modify the meaning of sayings that appear very palpable when given by themselves, and this is especially true of many things said at the Council referred to. If all the utterances made in ecclesiastical assemblies, ancient or modern, are to be taken as decisive, it will be easy to prove some very foolish things by them. Besides, the Greek delegates, at the Council of Florence, were oppressed and detained against their wills, and what is more, only represented a party in the Eastern Church. They were at variance with one another. The Emperor, who was umpire, was trying to force them to a concession to Rome, in the hope of getting aid from the West against Amurath, who was preparing to attack Constantinople, and one man said one thing, another man said another. Our contemporary will, therefore, excuse us for saying, that, in the light of history, the statement it so pertinently and honestly appeals to, is not necessarily conclusive evidence that the Greek Church was altogether ignorant of the Apostle's Creed.

Before accepting it, we would like to review the history, and if we find no offset to the declaration to which we have referred, we will be manly enough to confess it. We have no relish for a discussion which has not truth for its object, and we thank the *Presbyterian* for any light it gives us. At any rate, the point at issue may be yielded without weakening our general position in the least. It will only show that we were mistaken in a historical fact which is unimportant.

The *Presbyterian* is kind enough to say, that if we want historical authorities for any of the other facts that seem to surprise us, it has them. We *would* like to know upon what authority it gives out the impression that the article of the Creed concerning the Descent into Hades is essentially Arian. And if it succeeds in proving even by a dictionary, that it was Arian, because some of the followers of Arius may have voted for it, we would like to know how John Calvin could insist upon it as of "no small importance toward the accomplishment of redemption," without falling under the charge of Arianism. Surely the great Genevan was firm in his belief in the Divinity of Christ, and the conquest of our Redeemer over death and hell is urged by him in proof of it.

The *Presbyterian* stops short of the merits of the question it began to discuss, and rests upon a historical issue, about which there are differences of opinion and which it confesses is of no importance. Does it yet hold, that the soul of our Divine Redeemer "did not descend from the cross, but *ascended* at once" to heaven to remain there permanently? Can it find any authority to satisfy the question of Paul: "Now that he ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?"

It seems to us, that not only the declaration of the Creed, but Bible truth is at stake here, and we should be sorry to see our estimable contemporary turning against a symbol that should "never be omitted."

THE PRESUMPTION OF SCHISMATICS.

"One of the latest and smallest of the numerous schisms of the Lutheran body, is the formation of the 'Independent Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio.' It was organized by three clergymen of the same surname, and one congregation adheres to it."

This statement, which we find among the little news items that are going the rounds, would be almost amusing, if it were not so sad a commentary upon the sect spirit of the age. The importance assumed by those, who sever their ecclesiastical relations and set up for themselves, reminds us of the old colored man who was walking solemnly through the streets of New Orleans, with a little coffin under his arm, and warned the boys not to disturb him, because, as he said, he was "*a funeral*." Sometimes a family presumes to be a congregation, and here a congregation has resolved itself into an Independent Synod.

Just now some one has placed on our desk, a neat pamphlet of one hundred and seventy-five pages, published by an earnest but misguided man, and addressed "To all the beloved of God, the faithful brethren in Christ, and His ministers and servants in every place and position." This "Apostolic" salutation introduces a work, in which the "Elect Sojourners, Scattered Abroad," are exhorted to come out from their church relations and join with the author the "One Body," which he thinks he has discovered. The unity of the new organization seems thus far to consist in the fact, that the man stands about alone, like an old Donatist, construing all Scripture to suit his meaning, and expecting the whole world to come to him. Such cases are not rare, and extreme as they may appear, they only show the spirit of sectarianism which has no conception of the mystical Body of Christ.

Generally such movements grow out of some disaffection. A family or a congregational or a denominational quarrel is the signal for a split, and the love of God and desire for purity of doctrine, is afterward given as the motive that governed action. Any Church may thus be cut up by factions, but there is a woe pronounced upon those who use their freedom as a cloak for maliciousness.

THE GUARDIAN.

The *Guardian* for April was distributed during the early part of last week, and has accordingly been for some days in the hands of its patrons. It is a good number, and well sustains the reputation for excellence the work has long since won for itself. The series of brief paragraphs with which it opens, and which extends through several pages, presents quite an interesting variety. These are followed by two choice selections bearing on the Easter season. The editor then contributes a historical sketch of "Hans Christian Andersen, or The Danish Dreamer," the contents of which will be fresh and interesting to many. A translation of an old familiar German Communion Hymn follows, which will doubtless prove acceptable to such persons especially, as have long been familiar with the original. "A Warning from the Gallows," by the Editor; another Hymn from the Danish, entitled, "Gethsemane," and a description of "A Coptic Wedding," fill out the remainder of the general department.

The Sunday-School Department opens with a highly instructive article from "R. H. S.," on "Church Work in the Sunday-School." This is followed by an interesting incident illustrating the beneficial influence of Sunday-schools. The usual Scripture Lessons, with their accompanying questions and comments for the month, find their appropriate place. In the interval spaces not fully taken up with these, the reader is favored with some excellent brief selections. The whole closes with an Easter Poem from the Arabic, entitled, "Not Dead, but Risen."

F.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL HYMNAL.

Under this general title, the Rev. N. S. Strassburger, of Allentown, Pa., has published a selection of hymns made by him for the use of Sunday-schools. It is gotten up in a neat, but cheap form, and within the compass of one hundred and four small pages, contains one hundred and fifty-two hymns, besides nine different doxologies. The hymns are arranged according to the Church year, and all of them breathe a truly devotional spirit, embracing only such as are hymns of prayer and praise, of which Christ is the centre. The work will doubtless find its way, more or less, into Sunday-schools, and to the extent that it does so to the displacing of such books as contain a large amount of empty trash, will it be the means of doing good.

F.

Notes and Quotes.

The Presbyterians of Philadelphia have completed their circle of charities by opening an Orphanage on Broad Street. Their Hospital and the Home for Widows and Single Women are now well advanced. *Nothing speaks better for Protestantism than the establishment* of such instituions, which were formerly almost entirely in tne hands of the Romanists, who could appeal triumphantly to the fact.

Professor Austin Phelps says that the common assertion that "the sons of Chritian fathers are more generally worse than others," is disproved by statistics. He gives the following facts: in a certain New-England town of some thousands of people, the records of the Christian families were once examined thoroughly to test this question. The proportion of the children of such families who became religious men and women, as related to those who did not, was more than five to one." An examination of statistics support this assertion everywhere.

And now we hear of another "*New Christian Church*." The Church has been organized in Athens, and Sherwood, Michigan, by a Rev. M. V. Rork, who has already ordained six persons to the work of the ministry. The only test of membership is the following:

"We believe Christianity is not a belief merely, but rather a life; that the sayings of Christ are the plainest possible statement of a religious truth, and constitute the only true theology; and that any person who believes and earnestly tries to live in accordance with those sayings is entitled to church privileges."

That looks plausible and simple enough, don't it?

It is claimed that the International System of Sunday School lessons is so securely entrenched, that all the opposition of men like Dr. Boardman and others, who want the catechism taught, will be in vain. "A leading Sunday School paper," speaking of the International series, is quoted by the New York Tribune of March 23d, as saying. "It would be an easier task to overthrow the republican system of the Government of the United States, than to abrogate it at this time." We have heard some very sensible and patriotic people express

fears about our republican system of government of late years, but we still think the above expression a little strong. The opposition to the International Lessons is not made by those who chose to hold on to their catechism from the first, but by those who have tried the new system, and find it is not for the best. Time will show whether the boast made over the issue here raised has been wise.

Among the Exchanges.

The following on "Church Livings," we find in several of our exchanges:

No better commentary on this discreditable traffic need be desired than the advertisements of sale, which appear from time to time in the English press. Here is one of them:

The Next Presentation to the Vicarage of Linkenhorne, on the borders of Cornwall and Devon. The annual net income is about £350, and there is an excellent Rectory-house, with Stabling and Garden. The present incumbent is now about 73 years of age.

Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney & Co. are instructed to offer for sale, at the Mart, London, on Friday, 8th February, at 2 precisely, the above Next presentation.—Particulars may be obtained, &c., &c.

It will be noticed, that the age of the present incumbent enters conspicuously into the specifications. How pleasing a reflection for the worthy man, that an auction room is speculating on the chance of his early decease!

The *Southern Christian Advocate* speaks to the point, when it says:

It is in bad taste to make the church the place for the show of fine clothes. There may be occasions when it is suitable to put on the costliest and richest dress, which the means and the conscience will allow; but to make the house of prayer a scene for exhibition of the latest fashions, and thus to appear before God, is out of all character. The plainest raiment which is in keeping with the usual habit of a person, is most consistent with the gravity of religious worship. Thoroughly refined people are always averse to making a display of themselves.

This is what the *Boston Herald* has to say to pastors in reference to Sunday-schools:

Put away from your school all its humbuggeries, its clap-trap schemes, its perpetual hintings about conversion. Select the best persons, men and women, in your congregations, for teachers. Insist that these teachers, while using their own individuality in instruction, shall come under your own weekly supervision and guidance. Go into this work yourselves, as if these children were your own, and as if these teachers were your own elder sons and daughters, whom you desired especially to equip for this important work. Let the teachers understand that, if they wish to do duty as Christians, this is the best service they can render neglected children. Do for the boys and girls what a Cambridge pastor, has, with very notable success, done for his school-boys—make them believe that you love every one of them. Do thus much and the nonsense will disappear from your Sunday-school as quickly as snowflakes pass out of sight under an April sun.

The Christian says:

Scolding is a poor way of telling anything to people, and especially of proclaiming the Gospel of Christ. In proportion as we approach more nearly to Christ the great pattern, we shall lay aside the spirit of faultfinding, murmuring, and complaint, and instead of seeking to scold the Gospel at people, we shall tell it as a message of unutterable gladness, yet of great and grave importance, that they who hear our words may turn to Christ and live.

The *Christian Intelligencer* says:

When such a man as Professor Goldwin Smith deliberately writes "the foundations of general morality have been shaken, and a crisis has been brought on, the gravity of which nobody can fail to see," it is plain that the days are evil and threatening. Who have brought about this state of society? The Tyndalls and Darwins, no doubt, by their atheism and materialism are responsible for much of the result. But we charge the present wide-spread moral weakness also upon the men who have stood in pulpits professedly Christian, and assailed creeds and confessions, sneered at orthodoxy, advocated a ruinous liberalism, prated about advanced thought, and taught men that it is of no consequence what a man believes.

The *Churchman* is pronounced on a subject which the New York *Evangelist* properly says is "of practical moment to all our churches."

It may be set down as a positive fact that, if the children of Churchmen go to Sunday-school instead of to Church, the Sunday-school is an evil and ought to be abandoned. We are sorry to say that, in many a congregation, the parents, as they go to Church, meet their children on their way home from Sunday-school. This is a shocking perversion of the Church's work. Children ought to go to Church with their parents, and if attendance upon Sunday-school and Church successively is too wearisome, then the Sunday-schools should be given up.

Whatever else may be done, or left undone, on the Lord's day, this should be the rule everywhere. The father of the family, as the priest of the family, should gather about him and take with him to the Church all the members of his family, whom, during the week, he has been instructing and leading in worship. Thus the public worship is a legitimate outgrowth of family worship, and the combined religious family life of a parish finds its natural results in a religious Church life.

An Exchange says:

Religious people, in their expenditures, should keep in mind, that it is their duty and privilege in their curtailment of expense, 1. Not to cut off from their families their *religious papers*—support the ministry of the *pulpit* and *press*, both with economy, but part with neither. 2. It is their duty and privilege to aid in getting a religious paper into every family, either by soliciting their means, or placing means at the disposal of the *press* for that needed *co-operative* purpose. 3. All persons who are in arrears, should understand that there is no debt more obligatory on them, than what they owe for their religious papers. The policy of *waiting*, waiting till you go to town or something else, leaves proprietors to carry burdens after you, which your obligations discharged will relieve them of. Pay your debts, do not say STOP, but PAY.

The *Christian Standard* is about right in saying:

"We are quite well persuaded it would be infinitely better for the cause of religion, if the interests of home were more carefully looked after. One of the saddest effects of the religion of the day, is the inclination to set aside the home life, and make it secondary and subordinate. There is a sort of sublimated sentimentalism, which interprets all home interest as selfishness, and unworthy the prominence which we seek to give it. We have found men wondrously careful as to certain matters of duty in the way of attendance upon Teachers' Meetings, similar engagements, which have occupied their attention every night in the week, while the wife and children at home have been almost forgotten. Three services on the Sabbath, business every day in the week from early in the morning until late in the evening, and a hurried supper, with scarcely time to speak more than a word to the children, and then away to a meeting of almost any kind, where speeches are to be made and resolutions to be passed, and finally far on in the night, home again to sleep. Thus Sunday and every other day goes by, and the man really has no true idea of home. Or impelled by some singular interpretation of that saying of our Lord, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," etc., men and women, with an unseemly relish for society abroad, are led away from the Church and home, to use their influence where they are unknown. Anywhere but home for a certain class of people. There may be some special reasons for this. But thank God we have ever loved home better than anywhere else."

Dr. Peabody, writing in *The International*, upon Morality and Religion, says:

Much indeed is said in the public prints of men prominent in religious movements, who have disgraced themselves by ignominious frauds, speculations, and embezzlements. We are not surprised, that these instances have been placed and kept prominently before the community; for such cases are so rare as justly to arrest grave attention and excite emphatic comment. So far as we know, they are, all of them, cases in which there had been for a long period, such an engrossment in multifarious, crowding, and perplexing business operations, that the religious life was physically impossible, the quietness essential to devotion unattainable, supersensual themes of thought excluded by a necessity, self-imposed, indeed, but imposed—there is a reason to believe—before the first steps in the direction of overt guilt and shame. No Christian of sane mind will pretend or imagine, that church-going with the inward ear closed and deafened, the form of Christian communion without the spirit of the cross, Sunday overlaid by the cares of the preceding and the forecast shadows of the coming week, are a moral specific; and many who call and, perhaps, think themselves Christians, are in intense need of precisely the lessons which these disasters among their own brotherhood may teach. But the moral strength of our country is still, as it always has been, with those who believe and worship. It is among them that we find the pillars of the State, the men whose integrity we know to be impregnable, the women whose loving offices gladden the desolate, feed the poor, gather in the fatherless, and stay the plague among the poverty-stricken.

Looking round, says the *Saturday Review*, one finds that the discontented regain content in a hundred ways. One by one they rejoin the happier multitude who have never dreamed that their life was a thing to find fault with. They cease "to vary from the kindly race of men," though perhaps their years in the wilderness, their hours in the Valley of the Shadow, were not wasted. They learned the worth of piety, of affection, of humor—things that make human existence endurable, even when it seems to have no aim or end. The laws of life reassert themselves, and despair vanishes like a fever. Memory can hardly recover the morbid thoughts of the time of loneliness, and the days when the sights and sounds of the visible world were not in themselves an answer to perverse questions. We are at one with "that life whose dumb wish is not missed, if birth proceed, if things subsist." This being so, we learn, that there is no universal specific of which Professor Tyndall or any one else is able to rob us. We can suffer the President of the British Association to let off scientific rockets and metaphysical Catherine wheels without wanting to stone them in the market-place. The rockets will "come down like the stick," or remain in the number of the stars, as the laws of existence determine. These laws our petty systems codify in vain; the great open secret is never to be found by searching, or to be concealed by false philosophy. It abides by the unconscious acceptance of life and the fulfilment of the laws of life by the whole race, an acceptance and an effort from which speculation can only distract us for an hour. In this are the materials of the happiness which is serious and universal; to this the philosophy that happens to satisfy each of us enables us to return home comforted and reassured. Here the Stoics are our masters, and the acquiescence of Marcus Aurelius in the lot of man is nobler than the momentary fret and impatience of even so exemplary a soul as Eugenie de Guerin. But religion that is true and undefiled needs no aid from the changing theories that act as anodynes or suffice as a cure in the shifting phases of an intellectual malady.

The Orange, N. J., *Journal*, which an exchange says has some old-fashioned notions about the lyceum, the house of God, and clerical lectures, thus expresses itself in noticing the so called "lecture" by Rev. Mr. Talmage, entitled "Big Blunders:"

The late G. L. Fox in "Humpty-Dumpty" was feeble in comparison, whether the nature, quantity or quality of the jokes, or the grotesqueness of the posturing and grimacing be considered. But when we have said this we have exhausted the possibilities of conscientious praise. As the performance of a Doctor of Divinity, in a house of Divine worship, and for the benefit of a Theological Seminary, we are constrained to regard it in a very different light. We beg to say, that we are not in the least superstitious or over-scrupulous as to the occasional use of churches for purposes not distinctly religious; but we do think it well to make some slight distinction between a house of worship and a minstrel hall. We do not think it compatible with the dignity, to say nothing of the sacredness of a religious edifice, to use it for a performance, which, under the thin disguise of a moral purpose, is evidently intended, not to excite occasional flashes of mirth by a witty story or illustration, but, by the arts of vulgar mimicry, to draw forth fusilade after fusilade of guffaws.

The skeleton of the lecture was well enough, and there were in it worthy thoughts and really witty sayings; but they were buried under coarse and incoherent jokes and stories of more than questionable taste, told not as legitimate illustrations to enforce an argument, but for the manifest purpose of exciting boisterous laughter, and accompanied by tricks of voice and gesture, and facial smirks, such as not one comic actor in a hundred could successfully imitate. The lecturer was immensely tickled by his own jokes, as his constant grimaces showed; and if, after the performance was over, he had not at least some dull apprehension that he had been making a fool of himself, he must indeed be incorrigible.

We have no very severe notions of clerical or manly dignity, requiring a man to be always mounted on moral stilts, or to wear a solemn face. We have been accused, indeed, of having too little regard for the conventional proprieties of the ministerial profession, and with being somewhat over-fond of a joke; but really there is altogether too much of Talmage for our old-fashioned taste. A bright, amusing lecture, illuminated by occasional flashes of wit, or illustrated by a telling story, we can enjoy as well as the next man. We can, upon occasion, and for the sake of the wondering boys, tolerate the tricks of the circus-ring; but when he comes to putting the ring inside a church, and the clown's whip in the hands of the parson, even though the paint and the sawdust are lacking, we confess our emotions are otherwise than pleasurable. "Everything in its place," is a good motto; and certainly the church is not the appropriate place for such an exhibition, nor a Christian minister the right man to take the lead therein. Mr. Talmage has certainly mistaken his calling, and should hasten to correct the "big blunder."

We presume that most of the people, who listened to Mr. Talmage on Thursday evening, were never in a theatre in their lives, and would shrink from going there as from moral contamination; but we assure them that the average theatrical performance is no whit more ludicrous or otherwise objectionable than the so-called "lecture," at which they laughed so boisterously. If *that* was unobjectionable as a form of amusement, then there is no moral reason why the Christian people of Orange should not set up a theatre at once."

For The Messenger.

"WHICH WAY?"

A few days ago, one of the young members of my congregation called to see me, that he intended to go West in a few weeks. Feeling interested in his welfare, I inquired where he intended to locate in the West. Was told, "Probably in Iowa." He may go to the neighborhood of Iowa city. "Have we a Reformed church in this vicinity?" The question concerns me almost as much as him. How shall I quickly ascertain? "Look in the Church Almanac," says one, who appreciates neither the times (1878), nor the situation. The Almanac is not likely to tell; but, as it is the best that can be done, I take down the oracle and consult it by looking over the names of six or seven hundred ministers "in the United States." I find none at Iowa city.

"The Minutes of Synod will show," says another. Will they? I get the Minutes of the Ohio Synod, 54th annual sessions, and examine the statistical report of Iowa Classis (English). But among the ten "P. O. Addresses," I find neither Iowa city, nor any place near it. Not having recent Minutes of the Synod of the Northwest at hand, I give up the search for a Reformed minister or mission in that vicinity. Who knows? Who is willing to tell? Is there any danger of turning the MESSENGER into an "Intelligence Office" by asking *it* for the desired information? Were we in a knightly mood, we should like to break a lance with the Editor-in-chief concerning the Publication Board's ability and duty to furnish just this sort of "intelligence," in proper form and season, to all its readers—*ability*, because the Board has access to the sources of the required information; *duty*, because it is only through our Church press that Eastern pastors *can* be put in possession of the facts needed to give information on this subject to our emigrant membership. And it is only by giving our people such direction, that we, as a Church, can conserve our moving material. We have with great labor nurtured these souls, or gathered them into the fold, and it is our duty to guide and protect them. They needed the Church here; they will need it where they are going. *And our Church in the West needs them.* The needs and the blessings are mutual. And if, in past years, our Church sent thousands of members to the West and lost them, it was mainly because we in the East did not do our duty to them. We are not doing it now. If other portions of our State will send forth, in proportion, as many Reformed Church members as we in East Pennsylvania do, there will scarcely be less than *two thousand Reformed Pennsylvanians* going to the West during this year—most of them to Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Concede that many of these will be lost to our Church—a legitimate, *a priori*, conclusion—and it still remains, that many might be saved by the general diffusion of such intelligence as our pastors greatly need. Other Churches do this, why not we? If every Eastern Catholic priest can tell all the forts and trading-posts in the territories and Indian reservations where Catholic priests are found, to whom he can at will direct any Catholic who enlists in the army, or with pick and shovel is called to go West—why may not we do the same thing for our people? As St. Paul recommended Phebe to the church at Rome, so we must know to whom we may commend our brethren when they leave us. Until we know and can do this, we can only humbly pray:

"Be pleased, O Lord, to give them friends and homes in the land of their choice. Bless them in basket and in store; but above all, bestow upon them freely and constantly, the richer blessings of Thy grace, that they may live in Thy fear and favor, and at last reach in safety the eternal fatherland of the saints in heaven, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*" L

DUTIES OF ELDERS.

It is not my intention in this article, to consider all the duties which belong to the office of an elder, but simply to refer to one, which is rarely exercised, viz.: to lead the exercises of the sanctuary as opportunity affords. We believe it to be the prerogative of the ministry, to lead when present, or able to perform it. But sometimes the minister is providentially absent or incapacitated from bodily indisposition, and the services must be omitted, unless some one will endeavor to compensate in some measure at least, by holding a service with the people.

I firmly hold, that the elder of a congregation, is in a subordinate sense, and according to the interpretation of the Reformed Church, endowed with some functions of the holy ministry. He is a co-pastor, and his duty is to instruct, reprove, rebuke, and do all he can to forward the spiritual interests of the congregation. By virtue of his office, he is authorized to read the Scriptures, to exhort, and lead the devotions of the people.

There can be no excuse then for closing, because the minister is absent. And this is manifestly the case, as we hold, that worship is to be the main feature, in all our assemblies. To hold that there can be no worship, when the pastor is not present, is contrary to all our cherished views. Suppose a case. A congregation assembles at the time appointed. The minister does not appear. Is that congregation to leave without any service? Can it be possible that the elders cannot at least give out a hymn, read a portion of Scrip ure, and offer a prayer? Alas! for the spirituality of such a people. It certainly must be very low tide with them.

The Roman Church is rarely without service, and if it should occur, the people have their ritual, and always go through their devotions. The *sects* as they are called, in the absence of a minister, hold a prayer or experience meeting. And why should not the Reformed Church? We have a sound Scriptural liturgy, and there are competent persons to conduct a religious service. If the elders are not competent, then they are unqualified for the office, and have taken obligations which they cannot fulfill. They are not leaders of the flock. We hope that this reproach will be taken away from our Zion. J.

MISSIONS ON PACIFIC COAST.

Portland, Oregon.

The new Reformed church in the process of building in this important city is so far completed, that the rear part of it, intended for lecture and parochial school purposes, is now used, besides those purposes by the congregation, for the regular Sunday services, and the enterprise relieved of its monthly rent, which another locality involved since the incipiency of this mission. Thus also are given to friends of the enterprise substantial evidence, that the Reformed church in Portland, with its wakeful pastor, Rev. J. Gantenbein, is yet living and moving.

Salem, Oregon.

Brother Mullhaupt at Salem, Oregon, occupies and cultivates an extensive field in the garden spot of the Willamette Valley. He preaches in Salem, the capitol of Oregon, twice every fortnight, and superintends the Sunday-school there. His attendance at this point is encouraging. Besides Salem, next of importance and promise is a settlement of Lippers, *echt reformiert von Haus aus*, where a church may be organized shortly. In addition to this, there is a station at the Santiane River; also Corvallis and Albany receive their share of missionary care. This is certainly all *work*, we hope the *play* will also come round some day.

Brother Mechtersheimer in Walla-Walla, Washington Territory, supports himself by teaching a parochial school; and by regular Sunday services, is preparing the way for the organization of the First Reformed church in that remote portion of the Lord's vineyard. More laborers are wanted in this field; men of healthy bodies, sound mind and straight hearts; men of *culture* and self-denial!

F. F.

Religious Miscellany.

Pius IX., during his long reign, created 29 archbishoprics, 130 bishoprics, and 43 vicariates apostolic.

The Free-thinkers of Chicago propose to buy Moody's "Tabernacle," and turn it into a "Temple of Rationalism," and open it with a campaign by such evangelists as Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, Dr. LeMoyne and Ben Pitman.

Several indications are given of the progress of the Old Catholic movement in German Switzerland. In some cases whole Catholic (Roman) parishes have become Old Catholic, and Lucerne, which is the largest Catholic city in Switzerland, is said to be in harmony with the movement.

It is reported that the French Minister of Public Worship has decided against the removal of the Protestant Faculty of Theology from Montauban to Paris, and also not to convoke the synod at present, decisions which will not be favorably received by the orthodox party in the Reformed Church.

Mgr. Ysbert has published a reply to the pamphlet of Father Curci, designed to show the impossibility of a reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal, and in defense of the principle of the integrity of the Pope's temporal power, maintaining that the Papacy upholds the future predominance of the Latin race over the Teutonic.

In the Northwest there is a very strong body of Swedish Lutherans, known as the Swedish Augustana Synod. The Synod embraces 118 ministers, and 37,000 communicants, and has a college and theological seminary at Rock River, Illinois, where ministers are being trained to preach both in the English and Swedish languages. The Synod has lately undertaken a mission among the Indians.

The doctrines of Universalists are getting a special airing just now in the columns of the *Universalist Herald*, whose editor, Rev. J. C. Burruss, has opened his paper for a thorough discussion between himself and Dr. J. R. Graves of Memphis, Tenn. The discussion is to be carried on about six months, each disputant being allowed twelve letters. The first appeared January 15.

The *Churchman*, which recently purchased the *Church Journal*, purposes to give it a successor in the form of a journal for the clergy, to be devoted to the free discussion of such ecclesiastical, statistical, theological, and social subjects as are likely to be interesting to them. It will be a weekly. It will furnish no church news, but asks for brief essays and letters to be published invariably with the signature of the writer.

At the recent session of the Convocation of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter said it had been represented to him that the practice of family prayer was decreasing, and had already decreased to a considerable extent. If the Convocation, he remarked, would prepare and authorize a form for family prayer, it would help to resuscitate so desirable a practice. A motion for the appointment of a committee to prepare forms for family and private prayer was unanimously adopted.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

As is known to our readers, the members of Wentz' church in Montgomery county, Pa., Rev. S. M. K. Huber, pastor, have had in contemplation for some time the erecting of a new church on their beautiful grounds. Their last building, though not very old, was inconvenient, as well as fast becoming quite dilapidated. The work of replacing it with a new and better one, we learn from a report of a correspondent of "*The Press*," of this city, has been already entered upon. On Monday, the 18th inst, the demolishing of the old building commenced. Until the new one is ready to be occupied, the congregation will worship in Keystone Hall, in Skippackville, in the immediate vicinity.

PITTSBURG SYNOD

The post-office address of the Rev. C. R. Dieffenbacher will be changed after April 1st, from Greenville, Pa., to Greensburg, Westmoreland Co., Pa.

WESTERN CHURCH.

In connection with a communion service held in the Winchester, Ohio congregation, of which the Rev. S. P. Mauger is pastor, seven persons were added to the church, five by confirmation, and two by certificate.

Ten persons were added to the church at Reedsburg, Ohio, of which the Rev. W. M. Andrews is pastor, at a late communion, eight by confirmation, and two by certificate. Five of the number are heads of families.

The Lord's Supper was administered in the church at Lewisburg, Ohio, on the 10th inst., in connection with which four persons were added to the church.

EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

The "*Kirchenzeitung*," announces that the Mission congregation in Brooklyn, New York, under the pastoral care of the Rev. A. E. Dahlman, is making encouraging progress. It has recently purchased a church building from a congregation of another denomination, in an eligible place, on reasonable terms, and thus secured for itself a permanent home.

Married.

On the 13th of January, by Rev. D. B. Shuey, Mr. Daniel H. Eckman to Miss Kate Keen, of New Providence, Pa.

On the 27th of January, by the same, Mr. John F. Mitchell to Miss Agnes E. Keen.

On the 31st of January, by the same, Mr. John Wentz to Miss Julia Heibeck.

On the 3 1 of March, by the same, Mr. William Payson to Miss Catharine A. Donahue, all the above parties of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 14th of March, by Rev. J. A. Peters, Richard B. Roper to Miss Ann Ella Knode, both of Alexandria, Pa.

February 28th, 1878, at the bride's parents, by Rev. G. W. Fraser, Mr. Israel Kistler to Miss Vinie Schwarm, daughter of Peter Schwarm, all of Fayette county, Ill.

On the 3d instant, at the Reformed parsonage, Jacksonville, Pa., by Rev. George P. Hartzell, Mr. Samuel S. Fravel of Zion, to Miss Emeline Hoy, of Walker township, Centre county, Pa.

At the home of the bride, at Kellersville, Monroe Co., Pa., March 20th, 1878, by Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Mr. Joseph T. Fabel, to Miss Julia Knapp Dake, both of Kellersville.

By the same, at the same place and time, Mr. William Kressler, of Stroudsburg, Pa., to Miss Almira Fabel, of Snydersville, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—December 31st, 1877, in Manheim township, Lancaster county, Pa., Noale, infant son of Henry B., and Adaline Esbenshade, aged 11 months and 11 days.

A baptized member of Heller's Church, New Holland charge. "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," 2 Saml. 12: 23.

DIED.—Near Riegelsville, N. J., on the 4th of February, Miss Kate L. Adams, aged 16 years, 8 months and 23 days.

The deceased had been a member of St. John's Reformed church, Riegelsville, Pa., for nearly one year, having been confirmed the preceding Easter. Though young, her mind was mature. Particularly was this shown in regard to her spiritual state. There was a clearness of perception of the relation of the believer to Christ, which is not often found, even with those who have reached an advanced age. It is not uncommon to meet with Christians who die with confidence, but strange as it may appear, this confidence seems frequently to be derived from a fancied purity or nobility of life, which the believer regards himself as having lived, instead of in the promise of Christ, "that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day." This, however, was not the case with Miss Kate Adams; she appeared to know the value of a holy life, but to have laid emphasis on its value, only so far as it proceeded from her faith in Jesus Christ. She was sick for a long time, and suffered intensely, but bore up courageously under all her pain. The writer visited her frequently during her illness, and seldom if ever went away without having engaged in devotional exercises with her. The church has lost one, whom we had every evidence for believing would have labored efficiently in it, and been a great blessing to the congregation to which she belonged. What is our loss, however, is her gain, and even while filled with sorrow at the thought of her to human eyes untimely death, we cannot but rejoice at the glorious victory with which her life closed.

Many thanks are due to the loving friends who waited around the bed of the deceased. Apart from the reward which a loving act is always to the person performing it, they have the blessed consciousness of knowing that Christ has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." R. L. G.

Youth's Department.

SAVIOUR, WHO DIDST FROM HEAVEN COME DOWN.

Saviour, who didst from heaven come down,
A little child awhile to be,
Whose precious blood and thorny crown
From death and sin have ransomed me.

Teach me dear Saviour some return
Of lowly service for Thy love,
Such as a thankful child may learn,
Such as Thy Spirit shall approve.

Young hearts, I hear them say, are claimed
For God's own altar, by Thy Word;
May I lay there my own unblamed!
And wilt Thou lift it heavenward, Lord?

Count Zinzendorf.

A FAIRY STORY WHICH IS TRUE.

Across the sea, in one of the Old World countries, there is still left a fairy land. To find it, one must travel far and long, and when, at last, the entrance is reached, everything about it looks and is very strange. Of course the traveler who decides to enter the fairy land must first obey his guide, dismiss all fear, and put on the white robe and cap of velvet provided for him. A wishing cap, you know, or sometimes an invisible cap, is part of every outfit in fairy land.

The guide, who wears a black suit, is quite solemn, and utters a prayer for the soul of his guest before starting, which, however, bodes no great danger to be faced. The two then bestride a single horse of wood, that travels like a lightning express down, down, deep into the under world. A dizzy rush, a strong current of cold air, and they suddenly stop in a fairy palace of crystal brightness. The floor on which they stand, the columns that support the vaulted roof far above them, the walls, the lofty ceiling, are all of the same wondrous whiteness. Moving about in this mysterious world are more men in black, who have leather aprons and in their caps lighted candles. With pick and shovel they busily dig and cut the crystal walls about them, like gnomes or elves of the mountain. On every side are vaulted corridors and dim passages leading into wonderful chambers, new and strange in shape and use, but all of the same transparent substance that glistens and sparkles in the lights of the candles and torches like myriads of flashing diamonds.

Here are royal ball-rooms with orchestra gallery, brilliant chandeliers, and floor, of the same lustrous whiteness; dining-rooms with long tables, chairs, and sconces for lights, and bed-chambers with couches, all in the same pure monotone of coloring. Perhaps the greatest surprise to the enchanted visitor is the grand cathedral, with stately columns and springing arches, with high altar and magnificent cross, organ loft, choir, niches, pedestals, statues and crucifixes, even the figures of kneeling worshipers everywhere gleaming in the torch-lights with a dazzle of crystalline splendor.

Do you ask what is this radiant substance of which the fairy world is wrought?

The answer is simple.

Salt. Rock salt in the wonderful far-famed mines of Poland, Wieliczka by name.

The picture is not exaggerated. All that has been said is true, and far more. Here are stately halls, vast and magnificent, many of them 150 feet long and wide. Fancy it! Trinity Church spire is only 200 feet high. There are chapels, galleries, caves, grottos—all of the same material and each beautiful tiny grain sparkling for itself.

After one has wandered till weary, he will suddenly come upon a grand staircase cut in the solid rock-crystal, leading down to another world as vast and wonderful. There are five stories, one below the other, and more than thirty miles of subterranean passages. Four or five of these are as much as most travelers care to explore. These chambers and galleries have been left in the process of cutting out blocks of salt, which has been going on for more than six hundred years—no wonder they are so vast and grand.

The miners are cheerful, pious people, who cross themselves devoutly when they start to descend the frail swinging ladders that lead down the shafts for the workmen. They have cut from the rock many chapels adorned with images of saints, so that at every turn one meets a statue of solid crystal, so clear and transparent that a torch held behind it gleams through it with a softened light. When any image or altar is to be made it is roughly outlined in a mass of salt and then water poured over it. This dissolves the outer crust, and when the water has evaporated it leaves the surface smooth and solid.

The miners, who look like pigmies in the vast chambers, only work during a few hours—and then come up to the blessed sunlight. They have helpers in their daily labor, the patient horses who draw the huge blocks of salt to the foot of the shafts; these never see the light of day; their lives of sunless toil are spent in the depths of the earth. Poor, faithful servants of man's need! One wishes that the Indians' hunting grounds of the Great Spirit might await them in the hereafter.

In the deepest depths, said to be 800 feet below the sunlight, the passages grow narrower and ceiling lower, till one must creep on all-fours to see a new wonder of this wondrous world. A sudden turn and before him sparkle the silver waters of a silent lake. Torches fastened in the crystal walls gleam above, and the still waters below flash back their brightness. Far as the eye can see into the darkness beyond stretches the mirror-like, motionless lake guarded by the strong walls of salt rock. We know that once, long ages and ages ago, these waters laughed in the sunshine, dancing down the mountain-side or in the meadow brook, but down, down they came, through cleft and crevice, cave and cavern, till they found their place of rest in this world of night and darkness. The flashing oars of the flat-bottomed boat that carries travelers to the further end of the lake alone break its stillness.

Here stands a little chapel, plain and unpretending. On it might well be graven the words of our Lord, "Throughout the world this also, that she hath done, shall be spoken of as a memorial of her."

For it was erected in memory of a good Queen of Poland, who, more than 600 years ago, discovered these mines of treasure and gave them to her suffering people.

The old story runs in this wise: She was away in Hungary, and, hearing of the poverty and distress of her subjects, she prayed for them. A holy man appeared to her and directed her to cast her most precious possession, a priceless jeweled ring, into a deep well. This she did with simple faith, and when she returned to her home at the foot of the great mountains, some peasants brought her a piece of rock-salt; thinking it a costly gem. Examining the gift she discovered, imbedded in the heart of the crystal, her long-lost ring. This told to her the heaven-sent secret. She knew that, far down in the bottom of the well, a running stream had carried her treasure down deep through the earth, over rich deposits of precious salt, and that at last the spring had bubbled up into the sunlight at the foot of her native mountains, bringing with it the double jewel. She knew, too, that the salt, which had set her ring in a crystal prison, must be waiting near in blessed abundance for her poor people. This good and wise queen was not mistaken. Search was at once made and richly rewarded; since the year 1252 the salt mines of Wieliczka have been a source of wealth far beyond gold or diamonds.

These vast galleries underlie the whole town and are places of public amusement and festivity. Oftentimes the great ball-room is splendidly illuminated, bands play and young people dance merrily on the hard, white floor.

Once a year there is service in the magnificent chapel, a thank-offering to the Giver of this and all other good gifts.

There is but one mine known that is older than this. In merry England the salt works of Worcestershire have been yielding vast supplies since the early days of the Saxion Heptarchy. More than fourteen centuries is a very venerable old age, and yet their resources seem undiminished and inexhaustible.

Whatever the good God gives for our pressing daily need is given without stint.—*Catherine Cameron, in Wide-Awake.*

THE GOOD SOLDIER.

There was a law existing among the Romans that no one should come to the Emperor's tent in the night, on the pain of death. During a certain war, however, a soldier dared to approach. He was seized at once, and taken away to be executed.

"I have a petition for the emperor," he cried.

"You have broken the law, and must die," was the reply.

News of the affair came to the emperor. "Bring the man to me," was his command; "if the petition be for himself, he shall die; if for another, he shall live."

Then it was found that the man had come to entreat that the lives of two fellow-soldiers might be spared, men who had been found asleep on watch. The emperor, delighted with the generosity that could thus risk life for another, forgave all three.

"What a nice emperor!" cried Harry.

"What a brave man!" added Tom.

"What would you think of those men if they had turned away heartlessly and forgotten all about the soldier who had risked his life in their cause?"

"Think of them? Why, I should say they were most ungrateful wretches, and that they richly deserved to be put to death!" cried Tom.

"Yes, indeed! A dozen deaths wouldn't be too good for them," said Harry.

Yet a certain King left His Home and friends to live among enemies, and in the end died a cruel death to save those same enemies. How could you expect them to feel towards Him? Who was this person?—*Child's World.*

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON.

The temple of Solomon or House of the Lord (2 Chr. xiiv. 7, 8) was built on Mount Moriah, the summit of the range of hills whose general name was Mount Zion. David collected forty-eight thousand tons of gold and silver or $37,000,000,000, besides immense quantities of iron, brass, stone, and timber for its erection (1 Chr. xxii. 14; xxix. 4, 7). The temple was seven and a half years in building, and was the most magnificent edifice in the world. It stood 424 years, but was plundered by *Shishak*, king of Egypt, thirty years after completion. (1 Kings xiv. 25, 26). After frequent profanations and pillagings, it was destroyed by the King of Babylon B. C. 588, and the people of Judah were carried into captivity. The rebuilding of the temple began fifty-two years later, under Zerubbabel, the Jewish governor, and Joshua, the high-priest. It was completed and dedicated B. C. 513. This restored edifice had stood nearly 500 years when Herod the Great undertood to rebuild it, beginning the work B. C. 17, and continuing it forty-six years. It was finally destroyed by the Romans, A. D. 71.—*National Sunday School Teacher.*

LAYING THE CABLE OF 1866.

The "Great Eastern" went ahead at the rate of five nautical miles an hour, and the cable passed smoothly overboard. Messages were sent to England and answers received. The weather was bright, and all hands were cheerful. On the third day after the "splicing" of the shore-end with the main cable, that part of the ocean was reached where the water suddenly increases in depth from two hundred and ten fathoms to two thousand and fifty. One of the earlier cables broke at this place and was lost forever. The electricians and engineers watched for it with anxious eyes. It was reached and passed. The black cord still traveled through the wheels unbroken, and the test applied by the galvanometer proved the insulation to be perfect. The days wore away without mishap until the evening of July 17, when the sound of the gong filled all hearts with a sickening fear.

The rain was falling in torrents and pattering on the heavy oil-skin clothing of the watchers. The wind blew in chilly gusts, and the sea broke in white crests of foam. A dense and pitchy cloud issued from the smoke-stacks. The vessel advanced in utter darkness. A few lights were moving about, and shadows fell hither and thither as one of the hands carried a lantern along the sloppy deck. The testing-room was occupied by an electrician, who was quietly working with his magical instrument, and the cable could be heard winding over the wheels astern, as the tinkling of a little bell on the "drum" recorded his progress.

The electrician rose from his seat suddenly, and struck the alarum. The next instant each person on board knew that an accident had happened. The engines were stopped and reversed within two minutes. Blue-lights were burned on the paddle-boxes, and showed a knot in the cable as it lay in the trough.

It is a very intricate knot that an old sailor cannot untie, and the old sailors on the Great Eastern twisted and untwisted coil after coil until they succeeded in untying this one. The insulation remained perfect, and in a few hours all was right again. The accident caused much ill foreboding, however, as it showed how slight an occurrence might bring the expedition to a disastrous end.

On July 27, after a voyage of fifteen days, the Great Eastern finished her work, and her part of the cable was attached to the American shore-end which had been laid by another vessel.—*St. Nicholas.*

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

A hungry owl on the belfry tower
Sat blinking grave at the rising sun;
"It's a shame," he said, "at this early hour
For the sun to get up, and nothing done—
Watching all night
And never a bite."

A Thomas cat on that break of day,
Hungry as ever a cat could be,
Prowling around in a gingerly way,
Came to the foot of that tall belfry—
Prowling all night,
But never a bite.

"What's that up there on the top of the house?
It looks like a bird," said the Thomas cat.
"Something below moves like a mouse,"
Said the owl. "It's breakfast; hurrah for that;
Waiting all night,
But at last a bite."

"I'll go for that bird," said the tom-cat soft;
"I'm after that mouse," said the owl, "down there."
The owl went down and the cat aloft,
And they met half way on the belfry stair—
Waiting all night,
Now surely a bite.

As both were blind in that morning sun,
Neither the other could plainly see;
"Pst, pst," hissed the cat. "Kihoot," said the owl,
As they clawed for each other quite savagely,
And with all their might,
Tried each other to bite.

Frantic and fierce was the conflict, too,
Fearful the scratches and hoots of pain,
Till the owl to a lofty beam suddenly flew,
Leaving the tom-cat scratching in vain—
A terrible fight,
But both got a bite.

"This seems," said the owl, "some horrid mistake."
"You misunderstand," said the cat, with a frown;
"Let's both an apology formally make."
Then the owl he went up, and the cat went down—
Each got a bite,
But the kind wasn't right.

P. B. in "Puck."

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

Last winter a little boy of six or eight years begged a lady to allow him to clean the snow from her steps. He had no father or mother, but worked his way by such jobs.

"Do you get much to do, my little boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy; "but often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you will not get enough to live on?"

The child looked up with a perplexed and inquiring eye, as if uncertain of her meaning, and was troubled with a new doubt.

"Why," said he, "don't you think God will take care of a boy if he puts his trust in Him and does the best he can?"

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

Have you ever watched the icicle as it formed? Have you noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more? If the water was clean, the icicle remained clear, and sparkled brightly in the sun; but if the water was slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are formed. One little thought or feeling at a time adds to its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely, and will sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be deformity and wretchedness.

GOOD RESOLUTION.

A little girl six years old was a short time ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing-desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it, and found this writing:

"The minute I wake up in the morning I will think of God.

"I will mind my father and mother always.

"I will try to have my lessons perfect

"I will try to be kind and not get cross.

"I want to behave like God's child."

INSTINCTS OF ANIMALS.

A Scotch paper says: Dogs and cats sometimes find their way home from long distances in a very surprising manner. Mountain sheep have also remarkable "homing" faculties. The following instances are reported to have taken place lately in the north. A Cheviot ewe, which had been driven in a flock from Northumberland to Sutherlandshire, was found one day on her old pasture, followed by her lamb, having traced her way back hundreds of miles. Another ewe of the same breed found her way back from Caithness-shire to Roxburghshire. What time the animals took to accomplish their respective feats is not stated, and by what route they returned to their native hills is not known

Pleasantries.

To the cultivated and naturally delicate musical ear there is nothing more disagreeable than to have a hand-organ woman pause in the middle of a bar to let go of the crank and replace a hair-pin.

An Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, riding on the front of a horse-car, was asked why he didn't set the bundle down on the platform. He replied: "Indade, the horses have enough to drag. I'll carry the bundle."

A mother whose crying infant made the sermon of her pastor almost inaudible was going from the hall when the clergyman spoke up, saying:—"My good woman don't go away. The baby doesn't disturb me." "It isn't for that I leave, sir," was her reply, "it's you disturbs the baby."

Irascible old party—"Conductor, why didn't you wake me up as I asked you? Here I am, miles beyond my station." Conductor—"I did try, but all I could get out of you was, 'All right, Maria, get the children their breakfast, and I'll be down in a minute.'"

An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quit it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens'll never lay when eggs are dear, but always begin when they get cheap."

Two Germans, fresh from Chicago, visited New York, and one, well acquainted with the city, invited his friend to Delmonico's, where a dinner for two and a bottle of wine were ordered. The place and fare were praised until the bill of $11 was presented. This they considered an extortion. They paid, however, and while walking down Broadway the excited German commenced to swear at the supposed extortion. His friend said: "Do not shwear, Yawcob. It is wicked to shwear. God has punished dot man Delmonico." "How?" "I have mine pocket full mit sphoons."

READ OF HEAVEN.

Reader, does your heaven-directed countenance declare to all you pass that you seek a country; and are you weary of all the oppressions that are done under the sun?—read of heaven; not so much in those bright lucid moments when the smiles of God's countenance rest consciously upon you, and when the spirit by a sweet impulse of faith mounts up as on eagle's wings; but read when your hours are loneliest, when your burdens are heaviest, when your temptations are strongest, when your way is darkest, when your friends are fewest, when your heart is weakest, and when the powers of hell are fiercest. For your comfort and encouragement, come and see the good land. Get thee up into the top of the Pisgah of faith, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes!

Have you lost some of those to whom you were united on earth by the tenderest ties of the flesh, or by those purer and piously tempered affections which knit closer than the flesh; and do you often bend over the sod where their bodies sleep, as if to call them back by the eloquence of tears? Do you sit at the tomb of the beloved dead, and filled with the spirit of pious hope, sing

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed?

Come mourner bereft and sad! Instead of standing upon their graves drooping and bent like the willow, and, like it, moaning over what it shadows, sit down on some green hillock like a consistent child of hope, and wipe your tears while you read of heaven. From that eternal home of the sainted dead, hear the comforting voice, "He is not there; he is risen: behold the place where he lay!"

Have you been marked for sorrow from childhood's hour? Have your fondest hopes been the play-thing of every passing change? Do you lie neglected as a harp, whose music is no more sweet, because it is no more needed to make others happy; and have the gems one by one dropped away from your circle of love? Has your life become cold and desolate and dreary as a rainy autumnal day? Look up, child of sorrow, for a bright heaven.

"Earth has no sorrows that heaven cannot heal."

The reason you are not happier is because you love too much this inconstant world, and you love it so much, because you have not sufficiently thought of a better. Why sit weeping among ruins, like melancholy Marius among the heaps of Carthage, calling back things that have died only to see them die again? "Let the dead bury their dead." Why linger about buried hope, or unfaithful love, when before you is a land where hopes never disappoint and where affections never die?

Are you a tempted soul, often in the wilderness in dark and dreadful conflict with Satan? Are those lying spirits whose name is legion, by your side to harass, and before to hinder you, and do you not often become faint and disheartened because of the way? Do you sometimes cry out beneath a shower of falling darts, "It is enough; now O Lord, take away my life?" Look up; your reward is before you; the blessed thought of home will heal all the wounds received by the way. Arise ye, and depart in the strength of the Lord, for this is not your rest. Ye young, who are wandering intoxicated with vanity in the mazes of a heated imagination, your thoughts are spreading the wing over hopes on which they can never light. You have seen the world and life only in the freshness and beauty of its morning dew, and you have loved them. You will yet learn that all is a vapor on the earth, which like the morning cloud and the early dew, goeth away. The things which are seen are temporal. I desire you to learn this now, rather than hereafter by bitter experience; and as you live on hope, direct those hopes to things which are unseen and eternal. Will you learn and believe that beyond the grave are not only the only realities, but the most glorious ones? Behold the glory of that world, that your eyes be not deceitfully dazzled by the sheen of this world, which must soon be merged into eternal night. Not only must the beauty and fire of youth die, but the heavens and the earth themselves, which are now, God has reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men. Amid the consternation and confusion of dissolving nature, when earth shall utter her final groan, where will you find a home, if not in heaven? If you are friendless, houseless, and homeless then, it will not be because you have not known of a heaven where the weary are at rest.

Aged pilgrim! you expect soon to go over! You are already going down the wintry hill-side of life towards the valley of the shadow of death. Lift up your eyes before you descend into the dark Jordan, and fix in your mind, as you can, the outlines of Canaan. Your eyes are dim to the loveliness of earth, your ears are dead to its music, and your feet are weary and heavy on its thorny road; lift up your eyes and look for a better land, for behold it lies before you. To read of heaven is better than pastime for you while the chariots of Israel tarry. It will inspire an earnest longing to depart and be with Christ, and thus make your passage easy and smooth.

Heaven, oh! heaven! who does not desire to know all that may be known of it? Heaven, it is our Father's house, the home of angels, and of all the departed saints who have fallen asleep in Jesus!

"Apostles, prophets, martyrs there
Around the Saviour stand."

Heaven, it is the home of all our hopes; the end of life's weary pilgrimage, where we all at last expect to dismiss our burdens, to forget our sorrows, and to wipe away our tears. If this be heaven, then let us know what the Spirit saith concerning it to the churches.—*Rev. H. Harbaugh, D. D.*

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Lve. Harrisburg ...	8:00	1:35	4:15	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	6:15	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	**A.M.**	**A. M.**	**P. M.**	**P. M.**
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:15		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:00
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:00
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.

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General News.

HOME.

The Nez Perces war cost the United States Government nearly one million dollars.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided in a case of church subscription, that a mere promise to pay, without consideration, does not give sufficient ground for an action to compel the subscriber to pay.

The books of the Internal Revenue Bureau show, that on the 1st of March, the whisky producing capacity of the country was 228,265 gallons daily, against 246,539 gallons on the 1st of March, 1877.

Chicago has 2,800 liquor saloons for her 500,000 inhabitants, giving one saloon to every 178 people, or one to every 35 adult males.

FOREIGN.

The Lutherans of Hungary are rejoicing over the conversion of Baron Anthony, of Boldacsy, from Catholicism, and over the further fact that he has given to the Church an estate worth 2,000,000 florins.

A violent snow-storm prevailed throughout England on the 24th inst. It was especially severe at Liverpool, and the British training ship *Eurydice* was capsized. Over 300 lives were lost. Of the five persons picked up after the gale, only two survived.

The following dispatches to the Associated Press give as far as known the state of things in Europe pending the Eastern difficulties:

LONDON, March 25.—The *Times*, in its leading article, says Lord Derby continues to insist that the whole of the treaty shall be submitted to the plenipotentiaries, but to guard against laying too much stress on this formal point he has asked whether the communcation of the document to the several powers is equivalent to the submission of it to the congress. Russia is understood to have replied that it is not. Thus she declines the only condition on which our government will send a plenipotentiary to Berlin.

A Constantinople dispatch, via Syra, says: The Czar has not absolutely declined to grant the concessions asked for by Reouf Pasha, but made his assent dependent upon a condition which is believed to be a Russo-Turkish alliance. It is asserted that Reouf and Osman Pashas favor such an alliance. There is, however, a strong pro-English party which opposes it.

The *Journal de St. Petersburg* says: England must yield her wishes to Europe, and cease to oppose the definite conclusion of peace, or the congress must meet without England, or Russia must act alone.

The *Times'* correspondent at St. Petersburg learns from a good source that no formal representation will be probably made for the present about the presence of the English fleet in the Sea of Marmora, but the Russian troops will not embark now as was intended. Influential and moderate politicians remark, that fear of English policy will force Russia to occupy Constantinople and drive the Sultan from Europe. The correspondent adds: The only hope of peace is the speedy meeting of the congress. That hope, however, throughout Russia is fast fading. The bellicose excitement is intense even in St. Petersburg.

The London correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman* says: "The landing of a force on the Asiatic side of the Sea of Marmora has unquestionably been considered by the government. Railway material, to be laid on a parallel line with the Bosphorus has been purchased."

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* telegraphs to that journal, that the government has purchased four one-hundred-ton guns, at a cost of eighty thousand dollars each, and negotiations are progressing for a number of smaller weapons. Great exertions are being made in the carriage department at the Woolwich Arsenal in the preparation of wagons for transport service. Several other contracts for army stores are in course of completion, notably one for a large number of pack-saddles. Messrs. Defries & Co. are executing an order for hospital ware to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars.

The St. Petersburg *Golos* declares that the treaty of peace falls short of the aspirations of the Russian people.

The St. Petersburg *Agence Russe* says the statement that Russia has requested England to withdraw her fleet from the Sea of Marmora is premature.

A Vienna dispatch says: In the Hungarian delegation yesterday, Count Andrassy said it was intended the congress should meet at the end of March; but, meanwhile, some preliminary questions have arisen between England and Russia, and it is impossible now to state the date of the meeting with certainty.

The Sanitary Commission has arrived at Erzeroum from Tiflis. It found twenty thousand corpses buried two feet under ground, frozen, but not decomposed. The Commission is deliberating whether to cremate the corpses or use quicklime.

LETTER LIST.

Alspach, Rev J W.
Baer, Fina, Bowen, A B, Bruner, Peter, Brown, Brown, Rev I G, Bridenbaugh, Rev S R, Bauman, Rev F C, Bowman, Rev J C.
Capp, Rev J C, Cline, A, Christman, Dr C K, (2), Carnahan, Rev R R, Casper, Rev A B, Clever, Rev C, Cassell, Peter & Galpin.
Donat, Rev W, Doll, C W, Dubbs, Rev A J G, Dieffenbacher, Rev C R, Dorman, C.
Ensinger, W B B, Eyerly, A J.
Forney, Amanda, Fouse, Rev D S, Fisher, Rev C G.
Garner, Rev H S, Gerhart, Rev H L, Gass, R F, Gerhard, Rev D W, (2), Greenless & Co, T, Greenamayer, D, Gibson, John, Gelbach, G F.
Herbert, Rev W H, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, (3), Hiester, Rev Eli, Hale, Rev J T, Hoover, A, Hannabery, Rev J, Hewitt, F H, Hertzel, Rev G P, Hiester, Rev Dr J E, Haines, J B.
Johnston, Rev Dr T S.
Korn, P J, Keefer, F U, Kretzing, Rev J, Kreider, W B, (2), Kindig, Rev J M, Kohler, H.
Lutz, John, Lebard, F, Leinbach, Rev T C, Lichliter, J H, Lindaman, D B, Loos, Rev I K, Lady, Rev D B, Lantz, Rev D, (2), Leonard, Rev G H.
Mutchler, Rev C H, Miller, H N, Meyers, J W, Miller, Rev J D, Miller, D, Miller, W A, McConnell, Rev J, Miller, W A, Metzger, B S, McCleary, A, Miller, M E, Miller, Rev J K, Miller, Rev Dr J O.
Peters, M C, (2), Peeler, L J, Peters, Rev J A, (2), Patterson, A E.
Reiter, Jr G, Riegel, Rev D, Rupp, Rev W, Reads, J D S Riegel, J T, Rothrock, Rev D, Rodgers, Prof J A, Riegel, J A.
Sharer, Geo, Stein, Rev J P, (2), Snyder, Rev N Z, Schurman, J Z, Schweitzer, Rev S, Scoepfle, Rev C H, Shuey, Rev D B, Stauffer, Rev J F, Smith, John B, Stauffer, P F, Spielman, J C, Spangler, Jr, John, Shafer, M A, Shafer, C A, Slagle, C S, Souder, Rev J M, Snyder, M A, Strassburger, Rev N S, Stoner, J M, Sassaman, J, Shafer, Rev S B, Stahr, Rev J S.
Thompson, W H, Thomas, C A, Titzel, Rev J M.
Van Nostrand, G.
Will, Adam, Wagner, S G, Weaver, Rev R C, Wolff, Jr, B, Wiant, Rev J F.
Yeager, F M.
Zieber, Rev Dr W K.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Saturday, Mar. 23d 1878.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR.	Wheat, Superfine	$3.75@4.55
	" Extra Family	5.50@5.75
	" Fancy	6.00@6.75
	Rye	3.25@3.50
	Corn meal	2.75@2.80
	Buckwheat meal	1.90@2.00
GRAIN.	Wheat, White	1.30@1.35
	" Red	1.26@1.28
	Rye	64@65
	Corn, Yellow	52½@53
	" White	51@53
	Oats	36@37½
	Barley	70@85
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	7⅞@7⅞
	" Refined cut loaf	10½@10½
	" " crushed	10@10½
	" " powdered	9¾@10
	" " granulated	9¾@9¾
	" " A	9⅜@10
	Coffee, Rio....gold	13@18
	" Maracaibo....gold	16@18
	" Laguayra....gold	15½@18
	" Java....gold	21@23½
PROVISIONS.	Mess Pork	10.50@11.00
	Dried Beef	13@14
	Sugar cured Hams	8½@9½
	Lard	6¾@7
	Butter, Roll extra	22@24
	Butter, Roll Common	20@22
	Prints, extra	35@40
	" " Common	30@34
	" Grease	5@8
	Eggs	11@12
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	Timothy	1.35@1.45
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